

In a new synthesis. Other elements towards it grew in definition and solidarity from such studies as those now collected in *Victor Emmanuel, Cavour and the Risorgimento*. Some have never before been printed, some of them have only appeared in out-of-the-way places and in Italian; they make a valuable book, whose only demerit is its appalling price.

The first essay in the book summarizes the Mack Smith version of the *Risorgimento* and does so brilliantly in thirty-seven pages; this is a masterpiece of compressed scholarship. For years to come, examiners will curse the name of Mack Smith for it is safe to predict that this essay will become the classic crib for schoolboy and undergraduate who want an authoritative—and, above all, brief—statement of the Truth. Such misuse is the most sincere tribute an historian can receive, and it will be justified.

It first maps out the setting of the *Risorgimento*: the lack of internal factors pointing to the eventual unification of Italy is emphasized. The presence of social and economic stress which helped to achieve change but which was not removed by it is noted. The alternative programmes in the field and their unrealism are summarized. Austria's role is related so that its ambivalence comes out. When all this has been done, there emerges from the narrative of the events a picture of confusion, incoherence, *post facto* rationalizing and mythologizing which culminates in the uneasy and unhappy new kingdom. Yet the conclusion is unambiguous, and Mr Mack Smith states it: "Although many people were . . . unhappy about the outcome, the forging of national unity had been a great achievement." What, then, have the patriots to complain about?

Almost at once, Mr Mack Smith goes on to quote the moving passage in which the dying Mazzini mourned Italy—a corpse, he said, without a living soul inside it, it had been put together piece by piece, like a mosaic, by foreigners fighting Italian battles for their own interests. He, at least, would not have been surprised by this. The Mack Smith version, though, he would not have judged the outcome so favourably, though there is much more to it, of course. Mr Mack Smith's case rests much of Mazzini's, here is one source of offence to some Italians. In his studies of Cavour and Victor Eman-

uel he has carried further the process he began in his book on the 1860 crisis of uncovering the actual process of unification, and the contrast with the organic, spontaneous process dreamt of by Mazzini is vivid. It is not pleasant for many Italians to be reminded (to quote once more) that the *Risorgimento* depended essentially on "force, on wars and civil wars" and the engineering of them, that preparation for them was inept (and that here Cavour should not go blameless), that popular identification with the process was so slight that the Italian government killed more Italians in the 1860s than the enemy in all the wars of the *Risorgimento*, that the only important Italian units at Magenta were on the Austrian side, that fear of social revolution was continuously affecting events, that (according to Azeglio, who never hesitated to put an unpalatable truth) there were in the newly annexed kingdom of the Two Sicilies not a hundred believers in Italian unity out of 7 million inhabitants.

Azeglio's remark is doubly interesting because it raises the question of the origins of the traditional view held. If contemporaries could be so clear-sighted, why did a mythology grow up whose exposure still causes pain a hundred years later? An immediately cynical and by no means improper answer is that this is the way things often happen; the immediate successors of those familiar with an historical episode are the ones who have the greatest difficulty in remembering what it really was like. But this reply does not go far enough. There has also been, as Mr Mack Smith has shown, deliberate distortion of the record, and it goes back a long way. The motives were often in the first place discriminating and plausible, but one suspects coarser ones have long operated. "Beautiful legends", thought Giolitti, ought not be discredited; he had more than aesthetic considerations in mind.

The unexamined role of the king

The result of this has been that historians long had only a selection of evidence with which to work. In spite of the flood of published papers, much less than the whole story was available. Selections were made in order to reflect credit on some figures. Since this was in some instances very much to the dis-



Cavour in 1835, by his English friend William Brockedon.

advantage of the reputation of others, a Cambridge historian like Mr Mack Smith might well feel that the Actonian tradition alone demands the uncovering of the truth in such matters. A revelation of how big are the concealed areas still awaiting illumination is provided by the discussion of Victor Emmanuel, which is the most novel part of his new collection. Six studies deal directly with the king and matters affecting him, but he pops up in many of the others. This is not because he was in fact the heroic figure of legend; far from it, he is notably diminished. He was important because the monarchy was important; it is a big part of the story of the *Risorgimento*, a big factor in its shaping.

Curiously enough, little is known of *il re galantuomo*, though the mythologists and adulators have not neglected him. The grandiose pretension of the Rome monument states the role he is supposed to fill, yet Victor Emmanuel has not been systematically studied by historians. He is the unexamined piece on the chess-board. His predecessor and father, Charles Albert, was also the object of myth-making enough, but in his case it has not prevented serious biographical study. No corresponding serious work exists on Victor Emmanuel.

One of Mr Mack Smith's discoveries was the extent to which this

reflected the wishes of his family, and its practice down to this day. The private archives of the House of Savoy remain inaccessible; such materials from them as have been published by permission are evidently selected in order to present the king in the best possible light. There is even a sinister hint of intimidation in the successful maintenance of this front. "This is not creditable, but it must at once be said that the falsification of the record by suppression and exaggeration was in fact begun by the statesmen of the first generation of united Italy themselves, the very people in the best position to know the truth. No one did more to create a myth than Azeglio. The counter-appeal of Garibaldi and Pius IX among the masses needed to be offset."

Given the powers of the king under the Piedmontese *Statuto*, it is also in part understandable that an edited version of the truth should be thought necessary. These powers were considerable (and remained so as later episodes in the monarchy's history revealed). Unrestricted publication would therefore be bound to expose the gap between Victor Emmanuel's use of them and that which might have been made of them by a more conscientious king. Mr Mack Smith's account of him in the early 1850s, during his apprenticeship as a monarch, and on the

eve of the Crimean War reveals also as from the outset an unattractive monarch. Tactless and impetuous, he gave an all-too-ready expression neither the interest of the nation even of the monarchy, but a very preoccupation with his own comfort and prejudices. He was never from irreparable disaster only by incoherence of his own aims and stupidity of ministers who exploited his blunders for his benefit. His response was petulant, he had a child's irritation and hindrance, including any who came from the Church he believed in. The best that Mr Mack Smith can say of him was that he was affable and, if not then good-natured, some contemporaries agreed.

Whether he was a constitutional king is harder to say, but on the whole it seems that Victor Emmanuel did not move grievously outside *Statuto* if, indeed, he brooded at all. Given its generous definition of the king's power, he probably did not need to, though he violated the spirit of the constitution. He did not accept the notion that ministers were responsible to parliament. He was, of course, in no way a liberal, but it is not easy to see of many nineteenth-century monarchs who were. But he did not know illegality, and Cavour did. As for patriotism, he did not in the 1850s yet believe in Italian unity. He was by then almost known to be more of a hindrance than a help to his ministers, though they might need his formal authority and influence.

In need of the monarchy

In the later stages of his reign other themes add to the charge against him. He dabbled dourly with diplomacy behind ministers' backs. Above all, it was his fancy that he was a soldier. This had more serious consequences than the simple inflation of vanity; it fatally enmeshed the whole military side of the *Risorgimento* for which he claimed to have certainly had, under the cover of a special responsibility, the result was *Livorno* and *Custoza*. This came the embarrassment of the monarchy to conceal the true source and the true extent of the disasters of Italian armed forces, because they would have compromised the monarchy, the one institution which



Detail of woodcut from Geller van Kalkreuth's 'Serenade' (German 1514). 'Death in the Middle Ages'.

well he thought to have been helpful and even sometimes necessary in dealing with someone like Victor Emmanuel.

It is less easy to see why such judgments as these should have caused so much distress. The final verdict of Mr Mack Smith on Cavour is favourable: a "high common factor of liberalism and statesmanship" are his words. This judgment overlooks as have been mentioned (if they be thought weaknesses) but also far graver charges. For most part the most telling ones are *à la longue* direct; they concern Cavour's long-term legacies through example and doctrine. Here again it has to be remembered that Mr Mack Smith entered upon his researches in the aftermath of a great Italian tragedy; for him, the shadow of Fascism always lies over the *Risorgimento*.

The Cross of St. John had to be created by all Victor Emmanuel's ministers, but to none was it more than Cavour. Here is another whole side of the *Risorgimento* as described as a great particular of three men: Garibaldi, Cavour, the statesman; the soldier; Victor Emmanuel, the benevolent father of his country. (More inane legends found a place for Mazzini as kind of St John Baptist of their Italy being forgotten or pushed over.) The partnership myth already been exposed by Mr Mack Smith in the case of the first two; this new collection makes it clear that Cavour also felt more like a slave, chained to his own role as an unpredictable fellow-traveller, than a colleague even in the pursuit of the interests of the monarchy. This story, too, has long been hidden though well-known to all at the time. Mr Mack Smith himself, he tells us, was told that some of the documents in the royal archive were still "too delicate for consultation. Given Garibaldi did not get into them."

Revision has therefore not been made. But it has been thorough. Although Mr Mack Smith's papers go on in principle beyond the interpretation of Cavour suggested in the book on 1861, they amplify and particularize. More surprisingly, Mr Mack Smith, the general, would have served Piedmont better. If there is unhealthy dependence on a single man, rest at least some of the blame rests on the context of political possibilities and not on him.

The casualness with which he regarded a little constitutional irregularity is perhaps a more serious charge: the price of liberty, of which he proclaimed himself the son, is indeed eternal vigilance in such matters, and he admitted his culpability. But if Victor Emmanuel found advantages in the elasticity of the *Statuto*, it is hard to deny that his minister should seek to exploit parliamentary possibilities.

None the less, this is a charge that sticks. It cannot be good for a nation's political tradition to be founded on a sham and that is what, at moments, constitutional and united Italy did look like, for all Cavour's lip service to parliament. A

more limited charge, but also considerable, is that he began the alienation of the church from the state by his policies in Piedmont. This is a good point, too often obscured by Catholic polemic. A different point which is often confused with it is that neither he nor any other Piedmontese statesman was responsible for the alienation of the church from a different entity, the new nation. More was involved in this than angry responses to lay lawyers' handling of clerical immunities; the ideological conflict of church and nationality, the principle embodied in Italy's cause, was the work of Rome.

There is a great deal owed to an historian who can breath life into dead bones and even, more to one who can assemble them in unfamiliar ways which yet convey a true likeness. Mr Mack Smith has earned more than thanks for this, too, for this particular piece of demythologizing has a quite unusual social value in the present intellectual climate of Italy. He has also demonstrated the virtues of old-fashioned history, for his weapons are, in the end, the traditional ones of erudition, thoroughness and scrupulousness in uncovering and assessing evidence. The tone of his exposition often conceals its dramatic content; the story is patiently unravelled in the methodical, high Cambridge way. It is reassuring to see how much can be uncovered even in so cultivated a field as that of *Risorgimento* history. Foreign archives are an important resource, but great gaps remain (and there are deplorable instances of refusals to help Mr Mack Smith fill them) in the evidence. It is especially noteworthy, therefore, that he has gained much more than any previous scholar by combing the printed materials; in out-of-the-way, long-forgotten books he has confirmed the truth too often lost to sight that much more is already recorded than is usually thought. He has used some of these materials in his well-chosen selection of documents (whose scope in fact goes beyond the dates of the title and takes in the occupation of Rome).

No doubt some Italian readers will overlook Mr Mack Smith's general conclusion, but it is in the end commendable: "after all, he says, Cavour was a great man, the *Risorgimento* was a great achievement. Nor is this all. To uncover the true context of the circumstances within which politicians had to work can enhance or at least redeem somewhat the reputations of other figures, even of such conservatives as Ferdinand of Naples. More centrally, when such an individual embodiment of them as Victor Emmanuel is considered, the magnitude of the burdens of the *Risorgimento* leaders springs into relief. Such considerations will not satisfy those who want a simpler, more tolerant judgment, but if they object they should recognize that they reject more than one man's work, for Mr Mack Smith is more than an individual with a bee in his bonnet."

He is an outstanding example of a whole historical mentality, the fostering of which for good or ill has been one of the outstanding English cultural creations of this century. Its characteristic stance is critical; it uses traditional and highly-finished techniques to probe and expose. It is formidably solvent of the canons of established judgments. At its worst it is (as Mr Mack Smith never is) querulous and nagging; at its best it has great dignity, for it does not exempt itself from its own scrutiny. It does not pretend to the moral superiority which would seek to ignore the web of historical circumstances in which all men are caught. Mr Mack Smith's work unequivocally expresses this mentality at its best. He shows its inspiring power, for his *Risorgimento* is in the end not, after all, without its heroes. Even the transcendence of circumstance in a dispassionate, fateful way often requires a courage and vision for which heroism is not too strong a word.

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he has carried further the process which he began in his book on the 1860 crisis of uncovering the actual process of unification, and the contrast with the organic, spontaneous process dreamt of by Mazzini is vivid. It is not pleasant for many Italians to be reminded (to quote once more) that the *Risorgimento* depended eventually on "force, on wars and civil wars" and the engineering of them, that preparation for them was inept (and that here Cavour should not go blameless), that popular identification with the process was so slight that the Italian government killed more Italians in the 1860s than the enemy in all the wars of the *Risorgimento*, that the only important Italian units at Magenta were on the Austrian side, that fear of social revolution was continuously affecting events, that (according to Azeglio, who never hesitated to put an unpalatable truth) there were in the newly annexed kingdom of the Two Sicilies not a hundred believers in Italian unity out of 7 million inhabitants.

Azeglio's remark is doubly interesting because it raises the question of the origins of the traditional view held. If contemporaries could be so clear-sighted, why did a mythology grow up whose exposure still causes pain a hundred years later? An immediately cynical and by no means improper answer is that this is the way things often happen: the immediate successors of those familiar with an historical episode are the ones who have the greatest difficulty in remembering what it really was like. But this reply does not go far enough. There has also been, as Mr Mack Smith has shown, deliberate distortion of the record, and it goes back a long way. The motives were often in the first place discriminatory and plausible, but one suspects coarser ones have long operated. "Beautiful legends", thought Giolitti, ought not to be discarded; he had more than aesthetic considerations in mind.

The unexamined role of the king

The result of this has been that historians long had only a selection of evidence with which to work. In spite of the flood of published papers, much less than the whole story was available. Selections were made in order to reflect credit on some figures. Since this was in some instances very much to the dis-



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advantage of the reputation of others, a Cambridge historian like Mr Mack Smith might well feel that the Actonian tradition alone demands the uncovering of the truth in such matters. A revelation of how big are the concealed areas still awaiting illumination is provided by the discussion of Victor Emmanuel which is the most novel part of his new collection. Six studies deal directly with the king and matters affecting him, but he pops up in many of the others. This is not because he was in fact the heroic figure of legend; far from it, he is notably diminished. He was important because the monarchy was important: it is a big part of the story of the *Risorgimento*, a big factor in its shaping.

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reflected the wishes of his family, and its practice down to this day. The private archives of the House of Savoy remain inaccessible; such materials from them as have been published by permission are evidently selected in order to present the king in the best possible light. There is even a sinister hint of intimidation in the successful maintenance of this front. This is not creditable, but it must at once be said that the falsification of the record by suppression and exaggeration was in fact begun by the statesmen of the first generation of united Italy themselves, the very people in the best position to know the truth. No one did more to create a myth than Azeglio. The counter-appeal of Garibaldi and Pius IX among the masses needed to be offset.

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In need of the monarchy

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Revision has therefore not been enough. But it has been thorough. Though Mr Mack Smith's papers do not go in principle beyond the interpretation of Cavour suggested by the book on 1860, they supply a particularized, more surprising, and more complete picture of the great man than we have grown used to. Mr Mack Smith's general assessment seems gentler than in 1954. It again shows that Cavour was a man of great energy and that he was not always right that the event of 1860 was worth backing until it was almost into the last furlong. He gave as much thought to the consequences of domestic politics and the reduction of power as to the consequences of his acts for the unity of the nation. He viewed many of the things which did happen in the *Risorgimento* with the gravest misgiving. There is an admirable paper on Cavour and the Congress of Vienna which is in large measure a study of the figure he is traditionally supposed to cut in this story. Yet it also shows one of his qualities: his capacity to learn. The emergence from such studies are continuing qualities of Cavour's as a statesman and political activity not so related to Garibaldi. Even the less creditable expression may

well be thought to have been helpful and even sometimes necessary in dealing with someone like Victor Emmanuel.

It is less easy to see why such judgments as these should have caused so much distress. The final verdict of Mr Mack Smith on Cavour is favourable: a "high common factor of liberalism and statesmanship" are his words. This judgment overrules not only consideration of such weaknesses as have been mentioned (it they be thought weaknesses) but also far graver charges. For most part the most telling ones are *à la longue* things: they concern Cavour's long-term legacies, through example and doctrine. Here again it has to be remembered that Mr Mack Smith entered upon his researches in the aftermath of a great Italian tragedy; for him, the shadow of Fascism always lies over the *Risorgimento*.

Political tradition founded on a sham

In such perspectives it tells against Cavour that he so often subordinated principle to parliamentary tactics. *Trasformismo* decades later is from Mr Mack Smith's standpoint little more than a rationalization of technique which he had used for the pursuit of power. They left Italy without the experience of true political debate. Yet other constitutional states have survived such techniques: recent examples such as France, where the alternative men of the political public to be found, and why are they not forthcoming? Cavour does not have to display the sensitivity of political conscience of a Gladstone to command our sympathy in the very different political conditions of the Piedmontese monarchy (one remembers, too, that not everyone admired the Grand Old Man's conscience all that much). Mr Mack Smith concedes that in the Crimean emergency (essentially a domestic one), Cavour "made the best of a bad job"; it cannot plausibly be argued that a royal war and the damage it must have done, successful or unsuccessful, would have served Piedmont better. If there is a man, then at least some of the blame rests on the context of political possibilities and not on him.

The casualness with which he regarded a little constitutional irregularity is perhaps a more serious charge: the price of liberty, of which he proclaimed vigilance in son, is indeed eternal vigilance in such matters, and he admitted his culpability. But if Victor Emmanuel found advantages in the elasticity of the *Statuto*, it is hard to deny that his minister should seek to exploit parliamentary possibilities.

None the less, this is a charge that sticks. It cannot be good for a nation's political tradition to be founded on a sham and that is what, at moments, constitutional and united Italy did look like, for all Cavour's lip-service to parliament. A



the parliamentary clash of April 18, 1861, with Rattazzi, left, in the center. The debate is over. Are we friends now? Cavour: Friends yes, but not for life.

more limited charge, but also considerable, is that he began the alienation of the church from the state by his policies in Piedmont. This is a good point, too often obscured by Catholic polemic. A different point which is often confused with it is that neither he nor any other Piedmontese statesman was responsible for the alienation of the church from a different entity, the new nation. More was involved in this than angry responses to lay lawyers' handling of clerical immunities; the ideological conflict of church and nationality, the principle embodied in Italy's cause, was the work of Rome.

There is a great deal owed to an historian who can breathe life into dead bones and even, more to one who can assemble them in unfamiliar ways which yet convey a true likeness. Mr Mack Smith has earned more than thanks for this, too, for this particular piece of demythologizing has a quite unusual social value in the present intellectual climate of Italy. He has also demonstrated the virtues of old-fashioned history, for his weapons are in the end, the traditional ones of erudition, thoroughness and scrupulousness in uncovering and assessing evidence. The tone of his exposition often conceals its dramatic content; the story is patiently unravelled in the methodical, high Cambridge way. It is reassuring to see how much can be uncovered even in so cultivated a field as that of *Risorgimento* history. Foreign archives are an important resource, but great gaps remain (and there are deplorable instances of refusals to help Mr Mack Smith fill them) in the evidence. It is especially noteworthy, therefore, that he has gained much more than any previous scholar by combing the printed materials: in out-of-the-way, long-forgotten books he has confirmed the truth too often lost to sight that much more is already recorded than is usually thought. He has used some of these materials in his well-chosen selection of documents (whose scope in fact goes beyond the dates of the title and takes in the occupation of Rome).

No doubt some Italian readers will overlook Mr Mack Smith's general conclusion, but it is in the end commendatory; after all, he says, Cavour was a great man, the *Risorgimento* was a great achievement. Nor is this all. To uncover the true context of the circumstances within which politicians had to work can enhance or at least redeem somewhat the reputations of other figures, even of such conservatives as Ferdinand of Naples. More concretely, when such an individual embodiment of them as Victor Emmanuel is considered, the magnitude of the burdens of the *Risorgimento* leaders springs into relief. Such considerations will not satisfy those who want a simpler, more violent judgment, but if they object they should recognize that they reject more than one man's work, for Mr Mack Smith is more than an individual with a bee in his bonnet.

He is an outstanding example of a whole historical mentality, the fostering of which for good or ill has been one of the outstanding English cultural creations of this century. Its characteristic stance is critical; it uses traditional and highly-finished techniques to probe and expose. It is formidably solvent of the canons of established judgments. It is sceptical of big theories. At its worst it is (as Mr Mack Smith never is) querulous and nagging; at its best it has great dignity, for it does not exempt itself from its own scrutiny. It does not pretend to the moral superiority which would seek to ignore the web of historical circumstances in which all men are caught. Mr Mack Smith's work unequivocally expresses this mentality at its best. He shows its inspiring power, for his *Risorgimento* is in the end not after all, without its heroes. Even the transcendence of circumstance in a disjunct, fitful way often requires a courage and vision for which heroism is not too strong a word.

THAMES AND HUDSON

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Stalin's blight


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Probably the most valuable feature of his contribution to the Penguin African Library is the insight Thomas Kunzi provides into the confused events of the first few months of independence, and into the personality and actions of Lumumba. For Lumumba he felt both admiration and friendship, and he states firmly at the beginning of the book his conviction that Lumumba should

Umbumba could be described, most too much unfairness, as a postoperative windbag, pursuing his ideas in such a way that his government and indeed his country will not avoid disaster. To leave judgment there, however, would be grossly inaccurate. Mr. Kenza writes with enviable quality detachment (perhaps because he essentially a civil servant rather than a politician) sets the record straight. His study is a masterly combination of commitment and

Vietnam year-book

Ronald Glasser is a pediatrician who served military service at a United States military hospital in Japan in 1968-69. He was sent to Vietnam, but, apart from treating dependents' children, had no opportunities to talk to combat casualties evacuated from the war zone. He has selected and worked up the material in a novelistic style, the seven episodes in *365 Days from the Heart of Vietnam*. The convalescents told him that the title refers to the length of the hospital stay of his informants. In Vietnam, three or four years ago, Peter Panos was quoted as the adventure in

Many of the items in this volume are occasional lectures and interviews, and less substantial than the essays which have appeared in previous volumes published by Isaac Deutscher's death in 1967. But Tamara Deutscher has done well to put this collection together, for it provides an excellent introduction to important aspects of Marxism in our time, by one of the best gifted Marxist writers of our

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dramatic lumber, brought in to facilitate structuring and to make for neon-fit moral intelligibility. In fact, the brilliant portrait of Stone does not need all the virtuous italics. Stone's mumbo-jumbo world of conceit and anxiety is brilliantly realized; hardly more than a floating ego, his life consists of *Variety* ratings, liver spots, Harley Street specialists, lengthening teeth, and hopeless vulnerability.

The film industry is in many ways the ideal subject for Mr Deighton's talents. In a business so obsessed with surface he can exploit his eye for what one might (reluctantly) call the "furniture" of the world, and he only occasionally does the writing to become as slick as the world it describes; for example, "hands" which "curve dreams from tobacco smoke" is the kind of metaphor that Harrold Robbins probably natters in his sleep. On the whole, though, Deighton seems to have gone over the firing revolve against style as evidenced in those studiously incompromisable spy stories—and to his credit, he has settled down to what he does best, reporting, lucidly and randably, the "business" of the "business" in a sea.

Nero's confidence and trust, a chief persecutor of those suspected of conspiracy: "A writer has responsibilities, for responsibilities are the burden of power. . . . He is, best, an entertainer. . . . He is, than best, he is an oaf who lets fall at both ends"; on the other Seneca, whose opinions appear close to those of Tigellinus.

coloured reading, but it does help bridge the credibility. There is something a little dressy, too, about wading through pages of memos, and through one is burdened with the incredible impression of a small army of slaves forever passing one another as they rush about the streets of Rome with messages clipped

Peter Porter
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M Gary lets Danthelma goachine. The natural balloons not matterments of fact even to us with a cynicism. "Opera"

is full of confidence. He is the son, a bloody-minded, effeminate, his father's cult-destroyer, because arguments, do in this world, only state-ment. The author can afford to apply less articulate critics, a typical résumé of his book: *maître et chanté, mais* *à dénouer de texte: vrai*

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of power. He is, at best,
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The politics of an arbiter of taste

ROGER FAYOLLE:
Sainte-Beuve et le XVIII^e siècle, ou
Comment les révolutions arrivent
458pp. Paris: Armand Colin. 49fr.

French literature in the form of the "auteurs du programme" every Frenchman has to study—which reflects a selection approved by Académie, Sorbonne, and Ministry—is a particularly promising and largely unexplored ground for those Marxist critics who would like to show that cultural history in a bourgeois society is really a history filtered and taken over for its own purposes by that society. Such a culture was certainly established in France, before the advent of academic criticism, in the unmistakably bourgeois nineteenth century by authors such as Lantier and Sainte-Beuve, writing on the whole in journals committed to the established order. Its hold can be readily seen by the extent to which, until very recently, non-established figures such as Stide, Jules Vallès or Condorcet received more attention outside France than within.

But the French, Henry James said, are remarkably good at "multiplying their sympathies"; . . . and remaining more or less outside their worst disasters"; and in this case they have also produced as an antidote intellectuals like the author of this book, a species inconceivable outside the French scene: an active communist of working-class origin who is established as a teacher in that bastion of elitism, the Ecole Normale Supérieure; and who has spent (with apologies to his family) a dozen vacations gathering material for a doctoral thesis acceptable to the bourgeois order, yet which will strip the pretence of universality from Sainte-Beuve and thus erode some of the judgments he established on eighteenth-century authors, as well as confidence in a great deal of nineteenth-century criticism.

Sainte-Beuve's first series of *Causes du Languis* was published in the *Constitutionnel* from 1849 to 1852. The standard works on him (those of McKintock and André Billy for instance) consider them in relation to his life: until then a comparatively obscure critic, a failed poet and novelist and knowledgeable member of the kind of person who gets into the Académie—he is supposed to have decided, at the age of forty-five and on his return from an unsuccessful stay at Liège University, to pursue and systematize the methods he already had in mind and which later became famous. These are, broadly, to work towards a kind of natural history of great minds (to be a "naturalist" in the champ des esprits), while also studying their uniqueness and their relevance each to his own historical moment, often represented in turn by a meeting with a group of kindred minds.

At the same time, Sainte-Beuve wished to establish a new style of criticism, more independent of the week-to-week demands of the publishing scene, and less concerned with a normative aesthetic or an academic survey than with the will to retrieve, revalue, debunk freely, and thus direct the taste of the public towards greater awareness of the heritage of France—a view that, at this time, the enthusiasm of his young English admirer, Matthew Arnold. In all this Sainte-Beuve was aware of history, but only as one ingredient in an image of civilization in which kindred minds and ideologies are the red threads, and "taste" and "style" are central values. It is as arbiter of taste, amiable mapmaker along the highways of French literature, and propounder of humane erudition in response to France's over-systematic methods, that Sainte-Beuve is remembered. Certainly, he called many of the tunes academic and critics have danced to since.

Roger Fayolle sets out here to prove that no man can be above his time and see through the pretensions of all others, as Sainte-Beuve liked to think he could. Consider again the date of the first *Languis*, this time from the political point of view. The 1848 revolution had reached a point of balance between democratic surge and right-wing backlash. Sainte-Beuve was increasingly wary of democracy (he had been a liberal in 1830, but the political barometer had dropped a great deal since then), and his commitment to a conservative newspaper led him to omit in final drafts any sympathies he still had for disturbers of the moral order. After 1848, which he called "an accident terrible", or "cette catastrophe immense", he set out to retrieve from the ruins of the old society "l'esprit français" and to educate an audience to perpetrate it in answer to the grossness of the revolutionaries. Normative standards of taste, in more peaceful times, make a Boileau or a Johnson; but in times of revolution, M. Fayolle argues, the serene humanism is more comparable to the task of Louis Napoleon. He must also have been aware while at work on this study, 110 years later, of its similarity to the ideals of Gaullism.

M. Fayolle approaches Sainte-Beuve through the genesis of his articles: the precise reading-notes and book-lists that have been dated and preserved in the Lavenjoul collection, and which can be made to show exactly how Sainte-Beuve selected and emphasized his material. Within the eighteenth century, the period Sainte-Beuve was particularly interested in during these four years (it includes sixty-nine out of the 148 subjects of the *Languis*), M. Fayolle has singled out a score of authors or personalities who are typical examples of what these sources reveal. Sainte-Beuve, it now appears, conducted a systematic

"cleaning-up" operation on a century on which he had not yet written a major work, and which had returned to favour during 1848. It was in fact a persistent condemnation of disturbers of order, disguised as a campaign for good taste. Thus, in composing the well-known portraits of great women, Sainte-Beuve chose Mme du Defland because of her hostility to "l'esprit philosophique", and used Mme d'Épinay to stress (relying on suspect sources) her and Grimm's integrity and therefore the folly of Rousseau's accusations against them. The *philosophes* themselves he attacked in a covert way, not taking on the great men themselves, but dwelling on the weakness, immorality and pretentiousness of the women who admired and lived with them: Mme de la Tour Franqueville, Mlle de Lépinois and Mme du Châtelet.

The selection of men is equally biased. Barnave attracts attention because of his role as moderate intermediary between the Jacobins and Marie-Antoinette; Chénier's career is made to revolve around his attempts at political appeasement, where for 1791 one could well read 1849; and Mirabeau is brought in to echo Louis Napoleon in saying that one could not reconcile democracy with a strong executive. Farther back, Rousseau is criticized obliquely for his "provincial" style, allegedly revealed by a most unfair selection of imperfect subjunctives; while Fontenelle is accused of bad taste because he ventured to make open reference to money as a source of social wisdom: a subject taboo in the bourgeois order. Only Diderot and Buffon escape scathing criticism, because Sainte-Beuve saw in them diverse similarities to himself, but he had to gloss over their materialism. An opportunity, perhaps, for recognizing in them a "family of minds"? But M. Fayolle shows that this much-publicized "method" of Sainte-Beuve's boils

down all too often to dividing writers into two categories: the sheep and the goats, according to the amount of blame they can be made to carry for 1789 and all that. The results of this double literary inquiry, from which M. Fayolle emerges as a little less versatile, but as dogged and at least as frank as his predecessor, make fascinating reading. He avoids both Marxist and belletrist jargon; erudition, always present, is not displayed; results are presented forcefully and economically, and the author's zeal for the work of detection he is engaged on is catching. An important quality is his careful avoidance of making value-judgments of his own in response to Sainte-Beuve's merely points to the political motivation behind the talk of style and taste. To isolate this, M. Fayolle has to disregard large chunks of Sainte-Beuve's thought contemporary with his anti-revolutionary campaign, and this thesis should be by no means accepted as the final word, nor even as the final word of its kind, on the *Languis*. One also wonders whether one man can be singled out as responsible within a whole shift in thought, as is implied here.

But on the whole this intelligent and strongly committed book lets fresh air into the hitherto rather stuffy studies of nineteenth-century writers. There are others—Arnold, for instance—who might respond interestingly to similar treatment. M. Fayolle expresses the hope that criticism will put an end to its narrow concern with teaching hypothetical readers to approach established values, and strive instead to define how and why and by whom and according to what principles a piece of writing passes into the literary canon. An interesting study of affairs, which would mean the end of the Sainte-Beuves, but also of the Fayolles of this world, as he elegantly acknowledges in his closing sentence.

A programme of total honesty

GEORG CHRISTOPH LICHTENBERG:
Schriften und Briefe
Volume 1: 988pp.
Volume 2: 867pp.
Edited by Wolfgang Promies.
Munich: Hanser, DM55 each.

In 1964, Wolfgang Promies asked whether we should have to wait till the 200th anniversary of Lichtenberg's death for an edition which left out nothing. His own edition will eventually come near to meeting his demands. Besides letters and the works Lichtenberg himself published, it claims to be the first full presentation of the rough-books. On the other hand the scope of the edition has only allowed a selection from the diaries corresponding to what has been known of them before, although Dr Promies says they are "of extreme importance for getting to know the cast of Lichtenberg's mind".

One cannot complain. As it is, an extra volume has had to be added, to take the commentary first intended to go into volume two. All this is typical of the Haindr dilemma. Their "Classics" begun as essentially a popular though scholarly series, reasonably priced and unobtrusively edited, have been pushed steadily further—by cost inflation (two volumes of Lichtenberg cost what once five volumes of Schiller did) but also by the inner dynamic of the editorial projects. The apparatus now sometimes outdoes the standard editions (e.g. of Heine); and if, as in the present case, the edition fills a gap, and the editor has re-checked everything from the manuscripts, it may become virtually the standard edition itself, yet through an understandable reluctance still not go the whole historical-critical hog.

It is a pity to lack the full diaries because it is, of course, the private Lichtenberg who is fascinating. He must be the only writer whose reputation rests so completely on writings he never published: on the wide-ranging examination of human nature, his own and other people's, which he conducted in his rough-books. To his contemporaries he was an eminent professor of physics and a jobbing man of letters; his crowning achievement a commentary on Hogarth. His satirical bent was the only possible clue to what was going on in private; and it was in private only that he queried in one of his jottings the "common saying that an academic is wholly confined in his published writings". Certainly no academic ever disproved the saying more conclusively.

True, there are links between the observant aphorist and the academic physicist. The scientist's mind, inclined to empiricism and a constant questioning of methods and assumptions, was one important element in his mode of observing and speculating. His experience as a teacher was another: "aphoristic" brevity was a necessary weapon in putting over sense to the sleepy. But the aphorist also has an idiosyncratic angle of vision ("church steeples are inverted funnels for conducting prayer to heaven"), a capacity to see round more corners than most men ("doing just the opposite is another form of imitation"), and above all a full and frank humanity. Where many other aphorists operate in intellectual matters, Lichtenberg reviews the full scale of man's nature and his strangely mixed preoccupations. Where La Rochefoucauld analyses the passions of the *bel étage*, Lichtenberg includes those of the backstairs. The link, and sometimes war, between mind and sensuality was one of his constant problems—in both senses. "Nursemaids watched by men kiss the children and dandle them vigor-

ously; watched by women they present them quietly." This kind of observation reveals the observer too. (Not surprisingly, Lichtenberg hit on dreams as a key to understanding men's true character.) Elsewhere he is sceptical about the current mode of sentimentality in eighteenth-century writing, and insists on physical realities as an antidote: "The peasant peers at the sill in her shift and seeks there the heaven you find in her eyes. Whoever is right, there are more complicated disappointments in store for the higher approach."

This recognition of sensuality is not Rococo playfulness, though Lichtenberg could also turn a verse with point and polish. It is a serious awareness of what Montaigne called "Man's wondrous corporeal condition", and it was a prime feature of Lichtenberg's programme of total honesty. As long as we fail to describe our life in this way, noting all our weaknesses, from those of ambition to the commonest vices, we shall not be able to love each other. From the abandoning of concealment, he hoped for a "total equality". Man in society would cease to be "plenipotentiary who must keep secret the real state of affairs at his court".

Seen as part of such a programme, the aphorism is an instrument for piercing through the defensive layers. Sharper and more sudden than the argument of experiment it can take its object off its guard and show up discrepancies between his social and moral personality. "I am not now speaking to you", or "but to your conscience"; or between his rational and irrational responses: "I said to myself 'I can't possibly believe that', and during the saying I noticed that I had already believed it for the second time." Or even between the mere habit of observation and the purpose it was originally meant to serve: "People who are good at observing themselves and secretly

proud of it are often pleased to dissent from weaknesses where they should be sorry"—a direct riposte, conceivably, to La Rochefoucauld's "On doit se consoler de ses fautes quand on a la force de les avouer."

As this last example shows, Lichtenberg, like all true ironists, extended his scepticism to his own approach. This was a principle borrowed from his scientific thinking. His notes on physical problems are interspersed with self-exhortations to this effect, to "doubt everything at least once, even the proposition 2x2=4". Yet in science the proposition did not lead him any major discovery. In part, circumstances were against him. Where he did have a promising idea, there was little financial support in eighteenth-century Germany for large-scale experiments such as aristocratic money could only send up mini-balloons while Montgolfier took to the air. But his comment on that matter blames himself too: "Avoid intolerance at all costs where Reason reigns. Montgolfier's invention was in my hand."

Was he indolent? Surely it is disreputation in his day, and the range and intensity of scientific thought achievement did not deserve indolence. He took the severe line that "it is dangerous for the perfecting of our minds to get applause for works which do not demand our full power. One marks time." Hence (he adds) La Rochefoucauld's remark that "no man ever did, up his might, have." Every human soul has a portion of indolence which inclines it to do what it can do with ease. He himself might have done great things "if only in his student years he had been kept to doing six hours a day of really difficult work. He had, he thought, been spoiled by too much

freedom at the same university which later impeded him by too heavy a programme of teaching, so that he spoke of being "chained to the university galley".

And as for the subtleties of his scientific jottings, they seem to enquire more questions than answers. He had the kind of mind which sees broad implications, and fits together the pieces from a whole field of endeavour, which knows the essential nature of all problems. Perhaps this is not the spearhead mind which makes the actual advances? Something like this was his own late diagnosis: "Mistake to have planned the edifice too large."

The non-scientist may gladly enough settle for the view that Lichtenberg's genius lay in another direction than science, which gave him a method, but could not accommodate his wider curiosity. What framework would have? In 1785, Lichtenberg thought he had found it in the novel, the least formal, most compendious of literary genres. His note sees its potential, but simultaneously makes failure certain: "resolved to write a novel, to make use of everything". Everything! The abstractions and half-sketched situations, the social and psychological observations and wit, the satire and fantasy and philosophical profundity scattered through the rough-books—all between the covers of one novel?

Only an equal of Sterne could have done it, contriving to suggest the vastness of his subject by the compact failure to encompass it. Lichtenberg did not write his novel, but did go on with his jottings. The best we can do is to picture him as himself the creation of some super-Sterne, presenting human peculiarity through the eyes of a humane, subtle, whimsical eighteenth-century scientist and the deft disorder of his inexhaustible notebooks.

SAUL JASNY:
Soviet Economists of the Twenties:
Names to be Remembered
27pp. Cambridge University Press.
£3.60.

The 1920s were the golden age of the Soviet Union. Discussions and debates on a variety of topics, from politics, economics, philosophy, history, and literature were quite common. Soviet journals and books from 1921 to 1928 were full of vigorous polemics between protagonists of various schools who differed on methods, goals and means of achieving the desired targets. Further, reliable statistical data were published.

Saul Jasny was a leading Russian expert on agriculture who left the Soviet Union quite soon after the Revolution and settled first in Germany and later in the United States. He wrote a number of standard books on Soviet agricultural policies. He prepared a book on Russian economics, the majority of which had been Menchevsk's before the Revolution, and a minority of whom could be described as Populists, all of whom worked loyally for the Soviet government in their special fields. Today their names are among the many which have become unmentionable in the Soviet Union.

All these scholars were arrested in 1930-31, some were later shot, others perished in concentration camps or died in exile, and were supposed to have been because they were supposed to be inhuman and wasteful methods of forced collectivization, because Stalin and the Communist Party had no longer any use for Populists who could think independently.

This starting-point for this interesting study is the Menshevik Trial of March, 1931, when a group of prominent planners were accused of conspiring the Soviet economy. Jasny, while claiming that it was basically a false trial, yet accepted the some of the accusations might have had some validity in the sense that the econo-

A pivot panned

WILLIAM F. WOERHLIN:
Chernyshevskii
Oxford: Oxford University Press.

G. G. Chernyshevskii (1828-1889), a pivotal figure in the protest movement that developed in Russia after the Crimean War, was esteemed by both Marx and Lenin. This sense of the publisher's blur on the latest addition to the Harvard Research Center Studies is both accurate and apt, for it takes us to the heart of the debate on the merits of a writer and thinker about whom there is an extraordinary variety of opinions. Marx told the Russian revolutionary Lopatin that he considered Chernyshevskii to be an original thinker, and since Lenin is also known to have been an enthusiastic admirer, even of the novel *What Is to Be Done?*, there has developed a cult of an original and penetrating writer and philosopher, with frequent attempts to depict him as one of the great forerunners of the October Revolution. Western scholars, with one or two notable recent exceptions, have tended to find such claims extravagant, misleading, and even perversely inappropriate, viewing him as an unoriginal and derivative thinker, a powerful figure in the movement of Russian thought in the 1860s, but essentially a popularizer, a rigid and boring writer, and a mediocre critic.

William F. Woerhlin belongs to the latter critics, but his portrait of "the man and the journalist", although it will doubtless, bring the latest out in Moscow, is admirably documented and his conclusions will be seriously refuted. The task which he has set himself is an investigation and analysis of Chernyshevskii's writings in the setting of a relatively

detailed account of his life, and he displays an impressive familiarity not only with Chernyshevskii's own voluminous writings but also with the findings of Soviet scholars, as well as an ability to pick out the strong and weak points in many an argument, be it Chernyshevskii's or that of a Soviet or Western scholar. He has no striking discoveries of his own to report but he has produced the most thorough and judicious account of Chernyshevskii's life and his journalistic activities that is available in English, and on a whole series of controversial issues his careful examination of the evidence and sober conclusions provide a welcome change from much that has passed as scholarship.

This sobriety and careful approach are especially refreshing in Professor Woerhlin's examination of Chernyshevskii's participation in the underground activity of his time and in the preparation of illegal, revolutionary propaganda, but they are no less welcome in the chapter on Chernyshevskii's philosophy, where his independence of Soviet conceptions has enabled him among other things to do justice to P. D. Turkevich's skilful criticism of Chernyshevskii's materialism. His chapters on Chernyshevskii's aesthetics and literary criticism, on his economic and social theories, and on his political writings contain some severe judgments, but they show convincingly that he was more influenced by foreign writers and thinkers than Soviet scholars will admit. Professor Woerhlin brings out also Chernyshevskii's flexibility in political tactics. He is perhaps too severe in his devastating analysis of Chernyshevskii's literary criticism and *What Is to Be Done?*, but he is surely nearer the truth than those who have claimed that he is a sensitive critic and even a major writer. This is a thoughtful piece of work and its author's scepticism a healthy corrective to a great deal of hagiography.

ROGER PETHYBRIDGE:
The Spread of the Russian Revolution
238pp. Macmillan. £4.50.

The story of what happened in a revolution is generally told in political terms—the overthrow of the existing authority, the seizure of power, the struggle to establish a new authority. This is fair enough, since these are the decisive events, the turning-points in the battle. But curiosity can be felt about what actually happens in more mundane matters of daily concern; and this incidentally may illuminate some of the deeper causes and consequences of the overthrow. The trouble is that detailed occurrences and individual experiences tend to be so scrupulously and systematically recorded; and the general picture is blurred and unsatisfactory.

Roger Pethybridge offers in *The Spread of the Russian Revolution* six essays on by-paths of the revolution of 1917. The first two, and the most solid, relate to what happened to the railways and to postal and telegraph administration. The railway situation became crucial, and is well documented, thanks to the existence of fairly strong trade union organizations, which, when the Bolsheviks seized power in November, 1917, declared itself politically neutral, and for some weeks bargained with the new government as an independent power. As the new regime consolidated itself, this situation naturally became untenable; and the Bolsheviks eventually won by appealing to the rank and file of the railwaymen against their leaders and setting up a rival organization. Before long the material collapse of the railways was

a far more serious problem than the recalcitrance of the man-power.

The postal and telegraph administration presented a somewhat different problem—a technical personnel of bourgeois complexion which was basically unsympathetic to the revolution; and this was solved mainly by the lapse of time. But Mr Pethybridge might have done a little more to emphasize how primitive the system at best was. Telephones, as he says, functioned only within cities (and only the largest cities at that), not between them. But even the telegraph network did not stretch far into rural areas, and the services of the rural mail-carriers were sketchy and by no means ubiquitous. If the revolution spread slowly to outlying parts of the country, this was because nothing—not even news—travelled fast in rural Russia.

The third essay, on supplies, deals largely with the difficulties of the Provisional Government in the period before the Bolsheviks. Here, too, transport was the real bottleneck. The cities starved for food and fuel, and the machinery of distribution came to a halt, while the countryside had reasonable supplies of foodstuffs and abundant timber. The contributions on the press and propaganda are more open to criticism. Propaganda is a vast subject, of which the surface is no more than scratched in a brief essay. The section on the press is confined mainly to papers published in Petrograd and Moscow, and does not cover all of these. An interesting, though unsystematic, essay on relations between the capital and the provinces rounds off a useful collection. Mr Pethybridge has started quite a number of unfamiliar horses, even if he has not run all of them to ground.

Capitalism's canker

NIKOLAI BUKHARIN:
Imperialism and World Economy
173pp. Merlin Press. £2.

The most remarkable thing about this monograph is that it first appeared in a Russian journal in Switzerland as early as 1915. In Russia, after various adventures with the censor, it was published as a pamphlet after the revolution. A preface written by Lenin was lost, but was later published in 1927. An English translation appeared in New York in 1929; the present edition is a reprint of that version.

Considering the date at which it was written, and that it preceded Lenin's famous book, *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism*, by more than a year, this is perhaps the most original of Bukharin's works. He analyses cogently and concisely the concentration and centralization of trusts, the takeover of smaller by larger units, the establishment of fewer and fewer international centres of economic control and direction—processes then in their infancy which are still with us today. He sees the political implication of these processes: the increasing domination of larger over smaller national states. Specifically, he predicted—the rise of the United States through the accumulation and expansion of American capital: "The example of the United States of America shows how the large state capitalist trusts grow and become consolidated, how it absorbs countries and territories formerly dependent on Europe."

Bukharin did not pretend to believe that the concentration of capital in fewer and fewer hands, or its increasing control by the state, were processes pointing the way to socialism; indeed he explicitly condemned those writers, mainly German, who attempted to do so. Monopoly capital remained monopoly capital whether it was in private or state hands. Neither the laws of the market nor relations between classes were affected. But these pro-

cesses were in fact milestones on the road to the downfall of capitalist society. "Capitalism", he concludes, "driving the concentration of production to extraordinary heights, and having created a centralized production apparatus, has therewith prepared the ranks of its own grave-diggers."

Bukharin's analysis was therefore impeccably orthodox. When Lenin's lost preface was rediscovered and published in 1927, Bukharin was at the height of his power as Stalin's lieutenant and principal theorist. But it might have been noticed that Lenin's preface dismissed rather sharply the "abstract" picture, which he attributed to Kautsky, of the "magnates of capital" uniting in a world trust with an "internationally united finance capital". In this theory, which he dubbed "ultra-imperialism", there was not, he wrote, "a grain of Marxism". Nothing here differs in substance from Bukharin's analysis. But the emphasis was rather different, and the polemical note more strident.

When Bukharin fell from favour at the end of the 1920s these distinctions became important. He was accused of having succumbed to "ultra-imperialism", which meant that he exaggerated the degree of "stabilization" achieved by capitalism in the decade after the war, and believed that the concentration of capital was a stage on the road to the peaceful transformation of capitalism into socialism. Bukharin's distrust for Stalin's drastic policies of industrialization and of the collectivization of the peasants played into the hands of his enemies; and what at the time of its writing had been an original and rather advanced contribution to a burning topic was cited as evidence of his backsliding.

A curious example of sectarian fetishism is provided by *Chiro takoye S.S.S.R. i kuda on idet?*, a facsimile of the typescript of Trotsky's book *The Revolution Betrayed* with corrections in the master's own hand (253pp. Paris: IVE Internationale. Rouge. Distributed by Red Books. Paperback, £7.50).

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Rossinophilia

STENDHAL:
Lives of Haydn, Mozart and Metastasio
Translated and edited by Richard N. Coe
370pp. Calder and Boyars. £5.50.

Stendhal's writings on painting received the highest praise from Delacroix and Nietzsche and it is likely that he would have been remembered as an art critic if nothing else that he had written had survived. When it came to music, he was far less well informed and his interests narrower, though he seems to have meant it when he asked for his life-long love of Mozart and Cimarosa to be commemorated on his tomb. Berlioz probably had him in mind as one of the dilettanti whose lionizing of Rossini in the 1820s prevented far better music being heard and in the one allusion to Stendhal in his memoirs (glimpsed riding through a Roman carnival "with a mischievous smile and trying to look grave"), we are told merely that on music "don't il croit avoir le sentiment" he wrote "les plus irritantes stupidités".

Stendhal's first published books, his lives of Haydn and Mozart, are largely a plagiarized version of Giuseppe Carpani's *Haydn and Winckler's Native Biography* on Mozart of 1801. Only the short life of, or rather essay on, Metastasio (added to the others in the 1817 edition) and the "letter" at the end of the *Life of Mozart* seem to be entirely his own work; though it should be added that he departs frequently from Carpani's and Winckler's texts either to crib from other writers or to express his own prejudices: in favour of castrati, for example, whom he defends on simultaneously aesthetic and Malthusian grounds: against concert, which he detested as such; against the Parisian musical public, as contrasted with the Italian and Viennese; in favour of melody as perfected in the operas and sacred music of Pergolesi, Cimarosa, Haydn and Mozart; and against elaborate harmony and orchestration as in the symphonies of Beethoven and even Mozart himself. Stendhal was, later in life, to play brief passing tribute to Beethoven but it was Rossini, among his own contemporaries, who fascinated him and who inspired his most serious attempt at critical biography. This is why Stendhal was almost certainly one of the dilettanti whom Berlioz dreamed of running through with a red hot poker, or blowing sky-high by means of a well placed mine during a performance of Rossini in the Théâtre Italien.

We may feel nevertheless that Berlioz seriously underestimated Stendhal when we read his comparison between the "passionate longing" conveyed in the arias of Rossini and the Count and the shallow feelings in Beaumarchais's play. *Figaro* was the opera he loved best and it was the experience of listening to the "melancholy" Mozart speaking with truly touching eloquence to those capable of understanding him that he seems to have valued more than almost any other. He denies, oddly enough, that

Mozart had a sense of humour and believed that the libretto of *Così fan tutte* was unsuited to a composer for whom love "was never a laughing matter", an opinion he was to revise in *The Life of Rossini*. As for the praise he lavished on Haydn, this is mainly copied from Carpani word for word.

The Lives of Haydn, Mozart and Metastasio are, like most of Stendhal's writings outside his novels, a jumble of borrowed information and opinions interwoven with the aphorisms and developed thoughts of an amazingly sensitive and original mind. They were written while Napoleon was in Elba and Stendhal was hoping for employment under the Bourbons and they have been seen by H. F. Inghel in *Les Mémoires de la liberté* as a political document as much as a work of criticism, propaganda for national and international reconciliation. They even include a tribute to the Duke of Wellington.

Richard Coe sees them as far more than this, however, and has used his translation as an opportunity to bring recognition to Carpani, whom he presents as a major influence, due to Bayle's plagiarism, on the history of ideas and one of the prime originators of the nineteenth century's interest in effects of synaesthesia, the relativity of taste and what was to become eventually "total art". However, he pushes this claim rather recklessly when he tells us that in evolving "the theory of 'correspondences'": Baudelaire and Rimbaud "both 'naturally' looked back to Stendhal as their great precursor" and hence, without knowing it, to Carpani as well. This is sheer invention, as is the claim that, for both Stendhal and Racine, the "only words that can hope to convey the dimensionless *néant* of total tragedy are those which bear the least attachment to common wants and needs...". What Stendhal admired in the poetry of Metastasio was "truth to nature" (Stendhal's italics). This is the feature of his work that raises it to a level of equality with Shakespeare and Virgil, and exalts it infinitely far above Racine.

Professor Coe's general mixture of thoughtlessness and minute erudition is disconcerting. He probably knows more than anyone alive about Stendhal's musical education and offers us copious annotations, including a bibliography of the poems, plays, libretti and biographies of Carpani. At the same time, he makes only a fleeting reference to his own highly relevant work on Stendhal's life in the theatrical circles of Vienna and Stendhal's actual knowledge of Mozart's music (see *Stendhal Club*, numbers 39 and 40, 1968). The text is minutely annotated and beautifully illustrated and presented, but it gives us no idea of when or where we are reading Stendhal or the writers he reproduced. The translation is lucid and readable but contains many additions to the original text reminiscent of late nineteenth-century romanticism (e.g. "radistic composers", "secret landscape of the soul"). This is still, none the less, the most helpful and informative edition of the *Lives* to have appeared so far.

The best of bel canto

HERBERT WEINSTOCK:
Vincenzo Bellini
His Life and His Operas
589pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.

It seemed inevitable to opera lovers, and much to be desired, that the late Herbert Weinstock, having given us his exhaustive—if sometimes exhausting—biographies of Donizetti and Rossini, should round out his tributes to the bel canto trinity with a biography of Bellini. It seemed inevitable to Weinstock, too; but he undertook the task reluctantly, hesitating, he tells us in an introductory note to the present volume, because

I already knew that Bellini the man was in many ways unattractive—and I therefore wondered not only if I could face spending some years with him, but also if I could deal with him fairly.

The attendant research in no way lessened Weinstock's aversion:

I still have not managed to like Bellini in his relationship with other people, but I can hope that I have evoked his character and his life as faithfully as I had, and that I have presented the winning and congenial aspects of his nature as honestly as those I have found abrasive.

Those familiar with Weinstock's *Donizetti and Rossini* may well find this cautionary note ingenious, for his biographies tended to be repositories of facts rather than literary portraits. He was a prodigious, resourceful, conscientious, indefatigable, even relentless researcher. He left no letters unopened, no sources unnamed or unchecked, no dates unchallenged.

The layout of this *Bellini* tells its own story. The opera synopses alone—and each opera gets the full treatment—run to a dozen pages for each. There are seventeen appendices, almost a hundred pages of notes, a bibliography of some 150 titles, a general index running to thirty pages, and many handsome illustrations.

And yet, what one is to make of Bellini, as composer or as man, is left pretty much to the reader. The raw material for assessment and evaluation is all there, chronologically arranged and fastidiously collated, and will provide a valuable source of reference for specialists for many years to come. The operagoing layman, concerned only with

the general outlines of Bellini's life and work, will be better served by Leslie Orrey's *Bellini in the Dent* "Master Musicians" series.

What Weinstock tells us of Bellini the man, relying largely on Bellini's own often fulsome letters, leaves one wondering why the author found him so obnoxious. True, he was self-centred, single-minded, vain, ambitious, a shrewd and tough bargainer in contractual matters, parsimonious, and given to paranoid anxieties and behaviour. He was selfish, especially in his love life, which was either casual or devoted to women who were not free to marry, and whom he dropped the instant they became eligible. He could be unabashedly sycophantic in the cultivation of those in a position to further his career, notably Rossini. But compared with Wagner, for example, or even with Beethoven, both of whose personal idiosyncrasies may have been considerably more exasperating to many more people, Bellini does not come off too badly. He was handsome (a blond, blue-eyed, slender, curly-haired Sicilian), charming, well groomed and well-mannered. He was usually amiable, and he conducted his professional and business affairs skilfully and honourably.

What emerges is a young man—he died in 1835, six weeks before his thirty-fourth birthday—who knew what he wanted. And what he wanted musically was admirable, if in a bel canto context already going out of fashion. Within that context he would accept nothing but the best.

This is reflected in his working methods. He completed only nine operas: Rossini and Donizetti, when they were as old as Bellini was when he died, had each written more than thirty. Only one of Bellini's operas (*Zaira*) was a total failure. He would have only the finest librettist, and in Felice Romani, responsible for all the major operas except *Puritani*, he had him, even if it meant putting up with delays while Romani fulfilled obligations to other composers. He would have only the very best singers, and he got them: Pasta, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Donzell and Grisi.

Only with such collaboration could his musical genius be appropriately rewarded. His passion was song, both of the Italian language, and eloquently projected. He has been taxed for his inability, or disinclination, to profit by German example

and, of course, scholarship. Performance of these madrigals might well improve if all modern singing groups could read from old clefs and notation, for there are no bar lines to create false accents, and there are no piano accompaniments "for rehearsal only" to sustain the faint-hearted. But there is little hope that such a revolution will ever take place, because singers have been read nothing but scores, even if they have no use for any line other than their own. It is doubtful, too, whether such a group could afford such prices for facsimile volumes when modern editions are so easily and inexpensively available.

It remains therefore a matter for scholarship, since musicologists in growing numbers are busily engaged in re-editing and re-assessing the music of the past, not forgetting the editions of the past. Transcriptions that served us and served our fathers will not do for the younger generation. This attitude is only right and natural, even though the excesses of over-reduced note-values may eventually give way to a completely revised edition of the promise between one extreme and the other. In general there is still much in the way of revision and improvement to be accomplished, and the facsimiles of hitherto unedited manuscripts and printed editions, published in Bruckner's Bologna, will undoubtedly encourage scholars to substitute the facsimile for the microfilm and tackle the gigantic task with renewed energy. The medium of microfilm is particu-

larly inconvenient for comparing and collating part-books, and in this respect the issuing of facsimiles is much to be commended. But it has been noticeable in the newly-published facsimiles of the Trent Codices that the legibility factor still offers serious problems, and that these problems can usually be solved by going back to the old microfilm.

It must, however, be admitted that the English madrigalists as a whole are now available in such scrupulously revised modern practical editions that further rechecking would seem almost a waste of time and energy. Tiny faults may still, of course, continue to emerge, but it is doubtful whether significant misreadings will be found. In any event a scholar determined to fault, follows and Dart has five original sets of these Wilbye madrigals in Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, while his American colleague can go to comparably complete sets in Washington, San Marino (California), and Harvard University. With several original sets so easily available, one begins to wonder afresh at the purposes of the facsimiles. Perhaps, after all, they are for ornament, and if this is so they fulfil their function admirably.

The first two titles in the pioneering "Norton Critical Score" series published by Chappell are Berlioz's *Fantasia Symphonique*, edited by Edward T. Coe (305pp. £2.25), and *Die Meistersinger*, edited by Arthur Komar (1136pp. £1.75, paperback £1.25).

The young Richard Wagner understood, "Bellini", he wrote for a production of *Norma* in Riga in 1837, "would have learned more from the madrigalists than from the German village schoolmasters, but he would have unlearned the art of song." One leaves the last word with the perceptive Hiller: "Does a nightingale sing with accompaniment?"

Old style madrigals

JOHN WILBYE:
The Second Set of Madrigals 1609.
Six parts: Altus; Tenor; Quintus; Bassus; Sextus; Cantus.
Unnumbered pages. Menston, Yorkshire: Scolar Press. £7.75 the set.

This set of six slim volumes, each one bound in a different pastel tone, is part of an ambitious project with the general title "English Madrigals, 1588-1630, in facsimile". A prospective lists forty-eight titles by composers from Alison to Youll, and the complete collection will be available for £200. The publication of musical facsimiles has shown signs of increasing very considerably in recent years, largely due to the cheaper and more rapid methods of reproduction now available for short runs. The quality both of reproduction and of paper in this Wilbye facsimile affords plentiful evidence of the standards set by the Scolar Press, and the reader may be assured that clarity is guaranteed.

Since the poems and music of the English madrigalists have been available for some time in basic editions, and more recently in carefully revised editions, it might perhaps be asked what purpose these facsimiles are to serve. If ornament, the idea is splendid and the price magnificent: six feet of shelf-space should easily accommodate the entire series. But musical editions, however elegant they may be, are rarely supposed to serve ornamental needs (unless they can also serve music in its more practical aspects,

and, of course, scholarship. Performance of these madrigals might well improve if all modern singing groups could read from old clefs and notation, for there are no bar lines to create false accents, and there are no piano accompaniments "for rehearsal only" to sustain the faint-hearted. But there is little hope that such a revolution will ever take place, because singers have been read nothing but scores, even if they have no use for any line other than their own. It is doubtful, too, whether such a group could afford such prices for facsimile volumes when modern editions are so easily and inexpensively available.

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A theatre animal

MAURICE BARRAULT:
Ma vie de théâtre
230fr.
Soll.

French have a good expression, *le loup de théâtre*, which means more than merely a dedicated actor, or "man of the theatre": it implies total, visceral commitment, a "parallel expression" of "une passion". It was always fairly well known that Jean-Louis Barrault was kind of theatre animal, and this is now confirmed by this enthralling volume of memoirs, which, as he himself says, he has written mainly at the instigation of his friends. Perhaps the terrible he suffered in 1908, when the Théâtre de l'Odéon was invaded by school students and he was left to teach by the then Minister for Culture, André Malraux, prompted him to draw up a balance-sheet of his career to date, and he was in England, a sympathy that was apparently lacking in all quarters of France.

Happy, the episode is now fading in the past. M. Barrault's merits have been officially recognized, and the injustice has been to some extent repaired. It must surely be said, both inside and outside the theatre, that his contribution to French theatrical culture during the last twenty-five years has been quite astounding. In partnership with Madeleine Renaud, he has refurbished certain classics, extended the repertoire and set an example of theatrical wholeness and thoroughness which has had reverberations far beyond his own country.

When he was interviewed on the radio a few weeks ago in connexion with the publication of this book, he stated, without any apparent false modesty, that he did not consider himself to be a great actor either in the theatre or on the screen. The only award he claimed was a certain "jeune bête" prize, he said, and he had to be carefully trained, and he suffered from such paralytic stage-fright that he could perform best only when so physically exhausted that he no longer had the energy to worry. He admits that he was quite right in two of his most important roles: he "danced too much" as Hamlet, and he was too "thoughtful" as Mephistopheles in *Parade* de

the truth is, perhaps, that he was, by temperament and temperament, a perfect Marlowe, in either the gay or the melancholy mode, and so was

exactly right as Scapin or Baptiste, neither of whom is a central human character; rather than Hamlet, he should have played Puck or Ariel or the Fool in *Le Lear*. But such parts are too marginal to sustain a major career, and so he had to venture into other roles, with which he could not entirely coincide. However, his main interest was always the total theatrical act, the theatre as way of life, or general discipline, or even as religion. Therefore, it was not essential that he himself should be an all-round great actor, provided he had the passion and flair to inspire a company and think through a production. Whatever his status as an actor, he is certainly an *animateur* of genius.

M. Barrault doesn't really explain, and perhaps he doesn't know, why a young man with an average French background—peasants on the one side, lower middle-class tradesmen on the other—should have discovered in his early twenties that he wanted to devote himself to the theatre. His family had no special interest in the arts, although his mother had performed in amateur theatricals and he had an uncle keen on painting. He does not appear to have had the common theatrical alienation of home-ownership, since he relates how he began his first love-affair at sixteen and a half with a mature woman. He went through the usual period of adolescent absolutism, which was complicated by the fact that his father had been long dead and he depended on an intransigent grandfather, who demanded that he should shift for himself from the age of eighteen.

After a series of odd jobs, accompanied by attempts at painting, he wrote to Charles Dullin on the blue and was taken on at the Théâtre de l'Atelier. Thereafter his life was lived in, and through, passion, as if his anguished, passionate, anarchic temperament could only function creatively when absorbed in some theatrical enterprise, preferably one to common-sense or the possibilities of the moment.

During his twenties, M. Barrault was a sort of bohemian, who courted with Antonin Artaud and Surrealists, and who believed in nudism, vegetarianism and physical-spiritual exercises. He still retains this kind of person to some extent, and the weakest part of his book, perhaps, consists of his occasional excursions into sincere but naive philosophizing. However, before he was thirty, he met and fell in love with Madeleine Renaud, who was already an established actress in the traditional theatre. She must have provided an important counterbalance to his more extravagant tendencies, and they seem to have had a perfect working partnership for the past thirty years. After a long period

together at the Comédie Française, they created the most successful private company that has ever existed in France. Indeed, when it travelled abroad, it almost had the status of a second national theatre, and this is no doubt why Malraux offered it the Théâtre de l'Odéon and official backing.

M. Barrault has a great deal to say about the fickleness of the Parisian public, the ferocious enmities aroused by success, the tyranny of *le snobisme* and the carpingness of critics. It is sobering to reflect that his brilliant career has been marked by many bitter moments, when he has wept with rage at being maligned and misunderstood. In the long run, of course, he has managed to alienate both the left and the right: the former consider him to have been too close to officialdom, and to have attempted a compromise with "bourgeois" values; and the latter look upon him as an unredeemed anarchist who used government money to put on Genet's subversive play, *Les Paravents*. He feels ill-treated by both sides; while his heart is to the left, he sees art as being meant to transcend political opinions and to appeal to universal man. He can rightly claim that a repertoire which includes Shakespeare, Molière, Claudel, Ionesco, Beckett, Feydeau and Genet is all-embracing.

Historically, he will probably be remembered as the first person to have systematically staged Claudel's plays nearly half a century after their composition, and even to some extent against the initial inclination of their author. The question is: will Claudel remain a classic, "notre Shakespeare", as Barrault calls him, and will *Le Soulier de Satin*, Barrault's crowning achievement in production, endure as a landmark? Some people think it will; others find *Le Soulier* unbearable in itself, and think it has encouraged other rhetorical and metaphysically dubious outbursts, such as Sartre's *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu* and Ionesco's *La Soif et la Faim*. Only time will tell whether Barrault's central judgment was sound or whether his passion for complicated *mises-en-scène* tempted him to deck out some large theatrical geese as swans.

Phédre, however, is no goose, and in this presentation, first published in 1946 and well worth re-issuing, Barrault gives admirable advice about the delivery of the Ruelin alexandrines, and accompanies the text of the play with line-by-line indications about the manner in which it should be performed. *Mise en scène de Phédre* is not a literary commentary, it is essentially a practical guide for actors, but it is of value to the general reader as showing how the ebb and flow of the verse is understood by a devotee with an acute theatrical sense.

ESTHER P. ROTHMAN:
The Angel Inside Went Sour
333pp. Gollancz. £2.75.

Esther Rothman is one of those creative mavericks who, happily, appear from time to time in most education systems, however conventional they may be. As such, though her appointment was in fact largely due to chance, she was a natural for the headmistressship of New York's only day school for maladjusted girls. It was fortuitous also that the girls were almost exclusively black or Puerto Rican, due to the fact that the great majority of social institutions for maladjusted children were Roman Catholic or Jewish: the black girls were predominantly Protestant, but their home surroundings in Harlem, and Brooklyn and the Bronx provided fertile soil for the growth of maladjustment. Any school incident was likely to degenerate into a riot: teachers were regularly abused and occasionally assaulted and a policeman was stationed permanently at the school.

The new headmistress, besides teaching both retarded and gifted children, had taught mentally sick children at one hospital and child drug addicts at another. Here she was required to handle an almost equivalent degree of disturbance with none of the resources of the hospitals. She had to learn as she went.

The success of Dr Rothman must be counted in some part to the credit of the New York City Board of Education, which, however it may have raised its collective eyebrows at her methods, and however infuriating it may have been over details, let her have her head and, most important, allowed her to choose her own staff. By degrees she built up

a team of teachers who shared not only her beliefs, but her qualities of humour and resilience and unshakability, of steadfast love and, above all, of unselfishness. An effort, according to their ability, was to be expected from all the girls; there must be no nonsense about being "kind" and, effectively, letting them rot.

The formal programme went overboard in favour of the principle, so frequently honoured and so seldom applied, of starting where the children were. The launching-pad for improving skills in the three Rs might be drama, or cooking, or beauty culture, or song writing, virtually any subject that would involve the individual girl. In the same way, formal discipline was abandoned in favour of building up the kind of self-determination that would fit the girls for life in the outside world. Even if the beliefs of head and staff had not dictated the latter, they would scarcely have had any other choice: ultimately, imposed discipline depends on teachers being able to shout louder and hit harder than the taught. Here they probably couldn't.

Dr Rothman had her failures, but, for the most part, her methods succeeded in restoring girls to the point where they could function as members of society. What their particular society might later do to them could hardly be laid at the door of Dr Rothman. Her book, besides being an encouragement for teachers engaged in similar work, could profitably be read by those teaching normal children. The uselessness of the formal curriculum to the pupils of Livingston School was merely an exaggeration of the irrelevance to the needs of the pupils of a good deal that is taught today in more conventional schools.



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German songs

MAX HARRISON:
The Lieder of Brahms
152pp. Cassell. £1.75.

The outstanding feature of the latest in Cassell's series of studies of German Lieder is that Max Harrison has achieved the catalogue form altogether and yet makes ample and illuminating comment on individual songs. His method has been to analyse German song into its component strands, arguing incidentally that the Lied is not quite so sudden an apparition just before the nineteenth century as is usually maintained. He looks in turn at German history, the German language, the Romantic movement, naturalism, operatic elements, the piano, folk-song, and other such factors. To the folk-song

he devotes several pages, and goes so far as to say that not only was Brahms indifferent to the question of authenticity, but that Zscherning, from whose collection Brahms derived his folk-song settings, was himself guilty of forgery and tinkering. It would have been helpful to have had this authority for this information. Having mapped out the area into relevant topics, Mr Harrison then traces them through the individual songs of Brahms's output. The penalty he pays for this method, if indeed anything that is such a benefit to the reader can be called a penalty, is that his book becomes more than a study of the Lieder, rather indeed a study of all Brahms's music, and so could with some change in the proportions have been a different book altogether.

Since the poems and music of the English madrigalists have been available for some time in basic editions, and more recently in carefully revised editions, it might perhaps be asked what purpose these facsimiles are to serve. If ornament, the idea is splendid and the price magnificent: six feet of shelf-space should easily accommodate the entire series. But musical editions, however elegant they may be, are rarely supposed to serve ornamental needs (unless they can also serve music in its more practical aspects,

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Viewpoint

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

YOU are writing a novel. In this novel your hero and heroine are enjoying a drink or a quarrel or an amatory session, or any two or all three of these, and a man comes to the door with a telegram. What do you do about this man? Do you write: "Alfred went to the door and found a man waiting with a telegram. He took the telegram, closed the door, and tore the missive open. 'Good God,' he said. 'What is it, dear?' she called from the balcony. 'If you do, you may, reading the passage in print, become worried about that man—so faceless, so anonymous, what an undemocratic approach to a useful and hardworking human being. But then, unable to make amends, you may reflect that the telegram-bearer has no other function in your fiction than to bear one telegram, so why waste words on him, giving him a face, a set of physical gestures, a minimally revealed treasury of idiosyncrasies? Economy is the thing." The maid brought in the tea "is surely enough? Calverley, apostrophizing tobacco, achieves the literary limit in impersonality when he says 'Sweet when they've cleared away/Lunch'. Why confuse the issue—which is the sweetness of tobacco—by bringing in faces, skirts, flumps, warts, even gender and number?

But some imaginative writers will not have this—Dickens, for instance, and J. B. Priestley. At the door was a man with a telegram. His face, perhaps under the influence of his presumed specialization, was pared to essentials—eyebrows, like commas, were not there; the mouth was a mere pencilled O; but the eyes seemed to reflect the perturbation of a thousand past telegraph-receivers.

Something like that; only, of course, better. You never meet the man again, and he has been presented as a mere grotesque conceit, but you feel that the author cares; if there were opportunity, he would tell you more about this man. Dickens, one knows, would be very ready to describe his last Tuesday's breakfast.

Of modern novelists, I prize this caring quality in Mr Priestley more than anyone. I have been re-reading his two-volume *The Image Men*, which is full of toothsome thumbnail cartoons (sorry; that, in this context, sounds like a *Good Companion* minor character picking his teeth in the cinema; the film is silent, so you can hear the noise)—like the kick-shoves that strewed the table at an Elizabethan banquet.

Beryl was a girl in her early twenties but not much of a note, a loose mouth, a needing chin, all suggesting, together with her conversation, a kind of young female village idiot; and yet, so strangely and we put together, she had

already armed with a Wellington nose. If you impose on your faceless character certain historical lineaments, then you have a limitless account to draw on, so long as the comic disfigurements are small and infrequent. Thus, you give a lady a very unremarkable face with (of Beryl's) eyes of Napoleon Bonaparte. She will then be able to look on your hero, her lodger, like a badly cooked helping of chicken Marengo, or like Barras disclosed as a royalist, or with the patience appropriate to a long-winded report from stuttering Berthier, or as on a wet afternoon on St Helena. I think, on the whole, that creating a character, especially a minor picturesque one, is a matter of arbitrary manufacture; there's rarely any question of the novelist painting what he sees before him and trying to get the details right.

And, to go further, I think that descriptions in works of fiction are, so to speak, parallel to the real substance: they're a decorative way of saying: "These things and statements and events really exist; they take up positions in space-time, and to prove it I'll hang draperies on them—see how the contours press through that piece of jazz-patterned calico." But if there are no descriptions, this rarely seems to invalidate the reality, so eager is the reader to believe. Pretty women merely need to be pretty (the colour of eyes and hair is an acceptable gratuity but no more). He was a handsome greying man in a smart suit, about forty-five—that will do even for a major character. How many people can describe Emma Bovary? In *Ulysses*, does Stephen Dedalus wear spectacles? Food and drink are, since they touch nerves more sensitive than the optic ones, more important than the pattern of wallpaper or the hero's best suit, and it is generally agreed that only second-rate novelists write passages like: "He went into a pub and got stinking drunk", or: "After a hearty breakfast we resumed our journey." Paradoxically Dickens can get away with this kind of ellipsis occasionally, since we know exactly what he means by a hearty breakfast.

In my last published novel, aware that it was necessary to describe the lobby of a small hotel but having no real idea what that lobby looked like, I took a page of Wilkinson's Malay-English dictionary (one of the great works of lexicography, incidentally) and filled the space with objects described on it. I began the descriptive passage with a girl on the telephone asking for a number which was the number of that page and, to provide a further key for anyone interested, specifying the subscriber—Mr R. J. Wilkinson. I have, on Creative Writing courses in America, stressed this alchemical value of the dictionary to the fagged student faced with a chunk of recit-making. Page 929 of the *American Heritage Dictionary* gives you, among other items, *ortolan*, *Orvieta*, *Orwell*, *oscillogram*, *osculum* and *Osiris*. You can surely draw the furnishings of a living-room with these (cushions with the texture

of an ortolan's wings, one's buttocks making an osculatory smacking noise as it disengages from a plastic chair, a new pot of Osiris face cream) with good measure. *Down and Out in Paris and London* playing at the Osculatorium down the street. It seems to be dialogue—exterior and interior, when it becomes monologue—that counts in a novel. A novel is perhaps only a tarted-up play, the characterization achieved through the temporal flow of speech, while empty-stomached space has any kind of scrap thrown at it—air-luggage tag with KIN on it (a port code for Kingston, Jamaica), a prospectus of a kindergarten, a liqueur called Kindepoint, a stuffed parrot, a sleeping King Charles spaniel, a torn kimono.

"*Schön oder nicht schön*", spat out Hamlet to the dump corridor outside the palace library. He looked again, grinning with the volume of Schelling in his hand. No help there. "*In das ist die Frage*," the Noble in the mind to suffer—A loud hopped into the shadows, uttering cries, his note, The shins and arrows of our ravenous fortune? Or, to take arms, against a sea of troubles, Not to take arms, that you could take arms. The wind blew in keenly from the open window, a dank wind from a black sea. Troubles, what troubles? Oh, toothache, the sudden migraine in the night, the melting mouths and stein eyes of the place-seekers, the mess of endless lawsuits, the girl whose wagging bottom was both a hunt and a dismissal. You could be thought, turn Hamlet into a seven-dread-page novel, no sea of troubles in that task.

Having made Mr Priestley's *The Image Men* a starting-point, it would be only decent to return to it and say what pleasure it has given me on a couple of headachy days in rainy Rome, far from London pubs, steak and kidney pie, Cheddar cheese and wrapped bread (not to mention BBC-2 and the sound of London English). When we talk of the novel as being a solace we rarely, if we are honest, think of the novels that the textbooks admire—Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Jephtah* and Nathalie Sarraute's *Planetarium* and Christine Brooke-Rose's *Out*. It's not experimentation we ask for (leave that to the novelist's laboratory) but we do demand a clear-cut plot either. We want the easy flow of picturesque meals in inns, people getting into bed with each other (not too explicitly described, since we all have a fair idea what it's like), cabbage that seems to have been prepared by a deep-sea diver, a woman coming to the door who looks as if she has spent the night in the dushin, a man who turns a into / ("There's some neat favour on the flyboard", he said). My small son recently, seeing me all knotted up at the typewriter, asked me why—his Italian blood coming out—I didn't write for fun. He's right, of course—a river of dialogue, always easy, and doing what pleases you in between (a man knocked together out of old bones, a woman made of chiffon and jewels. Like Mr Priestley, enjoying it. Until one gets sick of enjoying it. Then, enjoying the cold douche and the self-flagellations, back to "literature".

candid history

"I got all the balls in except for General de Gaulle. Now poor Heath has got all the balls in except Mr Wilson. It's hard to get all the balls into the right holes at the same time. Thus Harold Macmillan reminisced to Robert McKenzie only a day or two ago.

We can't claim to be much more successful. But two homers we do have: de Gaulle, himself, his political philosophy and the movement he inspired, perfectly held in Anthony Hartley's *Gaullism*, £3.25 (described by D. W. Brogan as a model of clarity, accuracy and judicious reflection. No one who wants to make an effort to understand the de Gaulle phenomenon can afford to neglect this candid history). And to come in September Edward Heath and his confidants in Andrew Roth's *Heath and the Heathmen*, £2.25, paper £1, a revealing personal-political biography-analyses which will light forest fires in the realms of Heathland.

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Hardy and the ideal loved one

EVELYN HARDY AND F. B. PINION (editors)

One Rare Fair Woman

Thomas Hardy's Letters to Florence Henniker 1893-1922.
221pp. Macmillan. £4.

PERRY MEISEL:
Thomas Hardy: The Return of the Repressed.
175pp. Yale University Press. £2.95.

MERRYN WILLIAMS:
Thomas Hardy and Rural England
224pp. Macmillan. £3.95.

of the background to *Jude the Obscure*, his next and last major novel. The death of Hardy's father, which neither public nor critics were aware of, occurred in 1892. Poems and statements show a deep affection here also.

Yet the chief crisis concerned Hardy as a thinker and an artist. Believing that he had a message for his time, and feeling that the time, with its acceptance of Darwinism, with its acceptance of other non-conventional tenets, was ready for it, he chose to preach on the one subject on which neither public nor critics were ready for anything but the most conventional treatment: that of sexual morality. Brushing with the editors of his previous serialized works, such as *Leslie Stephen*, had taught him a sort of naive cunning: he deliberately misled the original contractors for the serial of *Text* about the nature of the story, and his affected surprise at attacks on the completed novel—"if this sort of writing continues, no more novel-writing for me"—was penned at the very moment he was actively collecting material for an even more drastic onslaught on the public's sexual feelings, *Jude the Obscure*.

It seems more probable that the bitter and obsessive expressions in *Jude* about conventional marriage, often dragged in to the detriment of the novel, were a form of unconscious challenge to his own wife, herself a typical member of the novel-reading public. Certainly she took them as being so. Hardy's malady—and it must be accounted that—was, however, deeper and more general. He seems to have seen

times even in the midst of the middle-class respectability of Victorian England; her own father was a notable collector of pornography. Basically, she was a woman of her time, a believer in the sanctity of marriage, particularly to her own military husband, and the teaching of the Church. This, after a first flurry of letters, and some unfulfilled moments of temptation, poignantly described in his poems, was what Hardy found her to be.

Yet though his letters seem to have become less "effective"—his own term—on this revelation, they continued to record how much she meant to him, both as a man and as an artist. They make clear for the first time how right the second Mrs Hardy was when she said that the character of Sue Bridehead in *Jude the Obscure* was partly drawn from Mrs Henniker. The appearance and background detail of Sue's life had been sketched by Hardy, between 1890 and 1893, from memories of his dead cousin Tryphena Sparks; but F. B. Pinion shows most convincingly in his preface how much Sue's mental, intellectual and spiritual attitudes owe to those of Florence Henniker, even down to small details such as "Hardy's rather surprising inclusion of 'Florence' among Sue's Christian names". The Shelleyan idealism, which she revived and shared with him, the sense of free comradeship and intellectual equality, even including literary collaboration, made her, as Sue was to Jude, Hardy's "dear little friend". The dark background of his marriage, still more of his wife's fanatical opposition to *Jude* itself, intensified his feeling that Florence Henniker was the "one rare, fair woman". If, like Sue with Jude, she found it better to conceal from herself the intensity of his feelings, she nevertheless saw him through his crisis of the 1890s, of which *Jude*, for all its manifest flaws, is the triumphant outcome. Many of the letters demonstrate also how much these flaws were part and parcel of his own outlook at this time.

Even allowing for the fact that many of the most "offensive" letters were destroyed, this collection is notable, like the novel, for its unevenness in thought and expression. Inspired comments on Shelley, "whom I should like to meet in the Elysian fields", are almost swamped by self-congratulations at his being childishly rude to other society ladies, and the semi-ludicrous commonplace of his domestic life with Emma, the Carrie to Hardy's Mr Potter; indeed, the episodes of her poor bicycle seem to come straight out of *The Diary of a Nobody*. In all this, the joint editors, with their full and informative notes, have kept an admirable balance, neither claiming too much nor missing a single significant detail. It is a valuable record of a great writer at the height of his tormented powers.

Perry Meisel also sees in *Jude the Obscure* an attempt to resolve the almost unbearable tensions of the writer:

His imagination has driven him to the boundaries of his limitations. In the writing of prose while, at the same time, it has rescued this last precarious vision by calling on the creative resources he did possess.

For Mr Meisel, however, the tension is present in Hardy's work almost from his beginnings as an author.

Arguing that Hardy early believed the Darwinian concept of adaptation, by natural selection, of each individual for the benefit of the community, he sees Hardy's first novels as portraits of a settled community, attacked from without by individuals alien to its ways, and inflicting wounds upon it.

Beginning with the comparatively innocent Parson Maybold, who does away with the Church musicians in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, these visitants—the architect Knight, Sergeant Troy, Wildeve and Eustacia, Farfrae the Scotman, Mrs Charmond and the doctor, Eliza, become increasingly sinister. A typical example is Troy turning out the traditional harvest feast into a drunken debate. Though the community takes its toll of these non-adaptable aliens, they in their turn

Reactions to the French Revolution

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The Oxford Russian-English Dictionary

Edited by Marcus Wheeler, with the assistance of W. F. Ryan and D. P. Costello
General Editor: B. O. Unbegaun

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Oxford University Press



Beyond the stereotypes

JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE:
On Second Thoughts
149pp. Angus and Robertson. £2.

John Pringle's *Australian Accent* (1958) was surely the best book about Australia published so far this century—since Francis Adams' Australian essays of the 1890s in fact. Less pretensions and pyrotechnical than Donald Horne's *The Lucky Country*, which followed it in 1964, it was much more sensitive in evoking in pellucid prose the feel of Australian city living (in Sydney at least) and more profound in its insights into the qualities of the emerging local culture. On *Second Thoughts* has the same virtues, though it is largely a collection of modest essays on Australian subjects of interest to the author: two or three have appeared as articles in the *Sunday Australian* and *Quadrant*; none is from the distinguished Sydney newspaper of which Mr Pringle was twice editor, the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Australian Accent was the fresh fruit of Mr Pringle's first spell in the Antipodes. On *Second Thoughts* follows a period of repatriation in London and then what was clearly a decisive return to Sydney (and Canberra). Although they are miscellaneous essays, they could be construed as explaining why he is not just reconciled to this fate but serenely happy in his choice—as mellow manifestations of the marriage into which the original love affair matured. There are essays on the future of Australia, on an interview with John Gorton as he waited to step into the drowned Harold Holt's shoes as Prime Minister, on "the most costly building since Blenheim and Versailles" (the Sydney Opera House), on the breathtakingly gorgeous and charming Australian birds (which leave the drab motif of British birds in the shade), on two very different literary visitors, Robert Louis Stevenson (with whom Mr Pringle shares both a Scots background and a tubercular constitution, though the Sydney climate evidently agrees better with him than it did with Stevenson), and James Lionel Michael (the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood apologist, who settled in New

South Wales), as well as a study of fictitious migrants, most notably Mr Micawber, and attractive appreciations of two neglected Australian writers, Frederic Manning and Ethel Anderson.

All these essays are interesting: Mr Pringle has the gift of making so whatever he treats and whom he addresses. But the first is easily the most important and justifies the book's title. For in it he modifies significantly the grave doubts he expressed in *Australian Accent* about the life expectation of the existing nation. He now thinks he exaggerated the Asian political and military threat (especially from Indonesia) and is optimistic enough to predict that, during the next thirty years at least, Australia will not merely survive as a more or less independent nation, but will steadily increase in wealth, national self-confidence and influence, as well as developing a national, albeit still provincial, culture. And he now sees republican status as indispensable.

The case he makes for all this is persuasive, but the elaborate hedge of ifs and buts with which he qualifies his prophecies reveals how profoundly vexed are some of the issues Australia now faces. For example, he has no time for the present vogue down under (among intellectuals at least) for zero population growth, and argues for a "Great Australia" of 23 million by 2001 on the assumption that any population under 20 million must almost guarantee colonial status: a view which not only makes Danish and Swiss independence inexplicable but belies his relative optimism about the present and immediate future. It is a big question too whether even 23 million would be "Great" enough in the face of, say, China or Japan in the event of American military preoccupation elsewhere.

Likewise he has no doubt that the issue whether future immigrants should come from Europe, Asia or both, remains "the single most difficult question facing Australia in the next thirty years". He plumps for both, with a modest 10,000 Asian migrants a year, and possibly 20,000 after ten years, but he does so with evident misgivings based partly

on "the strong evidence that the white Anglo-Saxon race has an in-built prejudice against colour" and what one suspects is a too Powellite view of racial relations in Britain. He seems surprisingly unenthusiastic about West Indians as immigrants. In every way more eligible than the Turkish immigrants the Australian government have recently been assisting—apparently on the quaint grounds that Turkey is closer to Europe! But the issue is certainly a perplexing and emotive one.

Still, though aimed more at an internal market, *On Second Thoughts* reinforces what was probably the most valuable achievement of *Australian Accent*: the dispelling of some of the ignorant stereotypes of Antipodean culture dear to home-loving, empire-fetted Britons. It also helps explain why a person of such delicacy of aesthetic perception as well as health should so contentedly make it his home—a staggeringly beautiful country with a superb climate.

Only occasionally does his keen advocacy spill over into wish fulfillment. "It would be hard to find in the whole of Australia anything that could honestly be called a slum" is a claim which will surprise the denizens of Redfern and Collingwood and deal if they ever hear of it. But he demonstrates vividly the enviable, even exhilarating, consolations of living in an isolated and affluent society, which, though still dependent in some respects and resistant to learning from bad old European and American habits, is blessed with a still largely unspoiled natural environment and is visibly improving rapidly now and becoming culturally more exciting year by year. Of how many other countries can that much be claimed in the 1970s?

There are occasional slips in dates and other details (Bernhard comes "Bertram" Wise), and Mr Pringle seems unaware that Micawber's Port Middlebay has already been confidently identified as Melbourne. But these are trivia. One's final thought on putting this pleasant book down is how fortunate Australia is to possess a literary migrant of such intelligence, grace and gently infectious enthusiasm.

Keeping in touch

RONALD PEARSAILL:
The Table-Rappers
258pp. Michael Joseph. £2.95.

Ronald Pearsall surveys the growth of interest first in mesmerism, then in spiritualism, then in theosophy, and finally outlines the early development of scientific psychical research. His main field is nineteenth-century England. The confrontations and interactions of the different movements are vividly sketched, and the book contains much fascinating material. Though there is an odd tendency to refer to "the Victorians" as if they were all totally indistinguishable, rather than an assortment of richly varied individuals, this is counter-balanced by lively quotations from a wide variety of contemporary sources, literary, medical and partisan. The techniques of fraud are closely examined, among them the production of strange lights by using flourescent and phosphorescent oils, the arts of table-rapping and slate-writing, and the methods employed by stage "clairvoyants", spirit photographers and materializing mediums. He gives detailed accounts of exposures, and of the accusations and counter-accusations of professionals (in one case culminating in a plot by one to throw vitamin in the "spirit-forms" produced by a rival, in the conviction that this would spoil her beauty).

There are some delightful vignettes: Queen Victoria in 1846 awarding to one Georgina Eagle a medal for "Meritorious and Extraordinary Clairvoyance"; Lord Amberley, Bertrand Russell's father, wanting to begin a season by singing instead of a hymn; "We won't go home till morning", a suggestion turned down lest (like the overheard antics of the Twitchit Kittens) it should disturb

the dignity and repose of the "spirit rabbit" being coaxed on a photographic plate; the image of Lady Burton declining that "Choleraism is the highest order of Spiritualism". The period illustrations are admirably reproduced, among them a cartooning of the book as a "faking" and, as such, subject to "genufying modes of production".

With so much good stuff, it is written in a lively, readable style. There are some omissions, irritating at times, for instance, no mention of the "classical Victorian hauntings" of Benjamin and Bertolt Brecht. Cheltenham ghost of the late Home's handling of red-hot with the curious psychosomatic phenomenon of fire-walking, a remark that "interest in the occult had been gathering force for centuries before 1852" (telescopes), the fact that it had been gathering force since the Gothic revival of the previous century, replete with spectres and skeletons. Dr. O. J. Gurney's "Theosophical experiment", this was believed by Florence Nightingale to be a genius, is dismissed as "a cheap, cheap, cheap" (the film comic, "Theosophical Experiment", is dismissed as "a cheap, cheap, cheap").

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Into the wood

CHARLES BEATTY:
Gate of Dreams
207pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £1.75.

This "subjective autobiography" has the ring of sincerity, and is in no way written with an eye to the current market for phosphorescence. Lively reading, it can be enjoyed without accepting the author's interpretation of his experience in an intricate shadowy mythology of "furniture" and previous lives: an interpretation which makes one wonder whether the belief in reincarnation explains why there have been so few novels in Indian literature until quite lately.

It is fascinating to observe the matrix and development of Charles Beatty's ability. Many lively children project for themselves an invisible playmate. The present reviewer, from a limited experience, recollects three, called Mrs Jambly-Jobly, Doggy Blackbans and Mrs Diddy, a name which might have sounded sinister but that she was reported to wear orange pyjamas and to have a pretty taste in food. Mr Beatty had such a playmate, Beryl. She did not, as usually happens, fade out when he went to school, but continued first as a refuge from unhappiness there, and then apparently as what the medicals called a succubus. When he was eighteen, frustrated in his career, and living in a tumble-down house in the melancholy Ireland of Yeats, AE and the Troubles, he came to envisage her first as "a person in her own right", and then as a Lorelei calling to death. Various jobs followed. He discovered yoga and Jung, and encountered alarming psychical phenomena in Africa, Portugal and France. In 1938 he read Joan Grant's fascinating *Winged Pharaoh*, and soon afterwards they married.

During dissociated states she explored the odd events of her husband's life and returned with vivid explanations that were apparently aesthetically and emotionally satisfying, though impossible to check against objective fact. During the twenty years of their marriage they cooperated in further attempts to under-

stand strange impressions and terrifying atmospheres. These trips to "the wood beyond the world" were the wood beyond the world of the book, but by the end Mr Beatty is trying to formulate a belief, to a sense of purpose and to hope of integration into some vast process. It is interesting that he should be, though only in connection with spiritualists—that "the unconscious" is often a deceiver, and never a harrier. After all, where do flashes of wit come from? But it is a welcome change from the prevalent assumption that "Auntie Unconscious" Always Knows Best.

Paul Taborski's *Pioneers of the Seen* (243pp. Souvenir Press. £2.50) has an off-putting title, but it is a book of great value than its predecessor, the "Frontiers of the Unknown". The readable and well-organized introduction discusses the five brief biographies of investigators from various countries illustrate the separate and common theories, periments, findings, arguments and difficulties. Here are the American Oliver Lodge (one of the first many physicist students of psychology), the French neurophysiologist Charles Richet, the Italian Lombroso, more willing to imbroso about the "mediumistic force" than about the existence of a criminal type, the Nobel prize-winner, who was a parapsychologist, the German Schrenck-Notzing (known to his British colleagues, though Taborski does not mention, as "Shrink at Nothing"), the biographer, rather a maverick, who was an Austrian clairvoyant, Schermann. There are a number of small but disconcerting inaccuracies such as an apparent confusion between a "mediumistic force" and a "mediumistic force", and a whole is lively and stimulating to know more; so it is that it lacks both an index and a list of sources.

THE SPECTRE currently haunting West German cultural life is that of the *Ware*: the commodity, to which a novel, a play, even a symphony, is inevitably degraded when delivered up to the cultural middlemen and the low journalism of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. The concept is its own enemy: it seems impossible to keep up an intellectual weekly without being somewhat tainted by the very thing it is supposed to be attacking, and, as such, subject to the same modes of production and distribution.

Two reasons can be put forward for the intensified interest in this subject in recent years—besides the revival of both Brecht and, latterly, Benjamin. First, the demise of the extraparlimentary opposition in West Germany released leftist energies, which were eventually channelled into anti-authoritarian education, and into Marxist aesthetics and media-criticism. Second, the importation of Pop Art from America provided suitably dialectical material for analysis: Pop Art could be seen as both a critique of consumer society (the banality of soup-tins) and also—because its works themselves have a price-tag—as subject-matter for such a critique (the market value of a Warhol).

In this context, *Kritik der Warenästhetik*—appropriately prefaced by Brecht's prophecy from the *Drei-Graschenprozess*: "You will no longer be able to distinguish fruits by their taste"—has far more to offer than the modish inversion of "art as a commodity" that its title suggests. It is, broadly, an examination of the "aesthetic" qualities of consumer goods. But rather than interpreting these in a crudely literal manner, in fact *Ästhetik* here means no more than "sense-perception". Wolfgang Fritz Haug's attack is firmly anchored in Marxist theory, the contradictory relationship between exchange value and use value seems to be where all the trouble starts. And the author's concern is to show that "making commodities beautiful" is bad economics, rather than bad art.

Besides the central concept of "illusion" (*Schein*)—the aura with which consumer goods are, literally, invested to which a rather abstract section is devoted, the topics discussed include: the "fetish of youth", the function of packaging, self-service, the "character-masks" behind which buyer and seller act out their roles. This last is especially relevant here: for Haug demonstrates how this relationship has been, in the cliché, dehumanized: the art of salesmanship has largely been replaced by manipulation, itself no less of an art.

This in itself unoriginal observation is deepened by the effects which Haug deduces from such manipulation. His aim is to analyse by means of which mechanisms the capitalist process of realizing value leads to the modeling of the human senses in a particular direction. He claims that the consequences—psychological, social, and physiological—of this modelling have yet to be adequately measured: for instance, the devalouring industry's vic-

propagandist potential of mass publicity.

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have been examined in detail by Jürgen Habermas in *Strukturwandel der Öffentlichkeit*.

The area which *Kritik der Warenästhetik* here, quite logically, enters is more fully discussed in *Visuelle Kommunikation*, a collection of some dozen "contributions towards a critique of the consciousness industry"—a term coined by Hans Magnus Enzensberger to replace Adorno and Horkheimer's "culture industry". The distinction is that, in Enzensberger's view, this industry's products are non-material: received opinions, prejudices, artificial needs.

"Visual Communication" is the name of a new discipline which would replace traditional art education and embrace all the visual media—photography, television, advertising, cinema, illustrated magazines and comics—as well as art proper.

Its premises were first set out some two years ago in the journal *Ästhetik und Kommunikation*, which is centred on the Institute for Experimental Art and Aesthetics in Frankfurt. It should come as no surprise to learn that the periodical and its theoretical positions were conceived against the background of the student movement: in fact, by working-parties and seminars in the Winter term 1968-69. "During the active strike at Frankfurt University", the aim of Visual Communication is, ultimately, political education (as the journal's sub-title insists), as a first step towards the transformation of society. As the media, in their widest sense, are instruments for preserving the established order—there is no adequate feedback from the public—people must be taught to "decode", and thus ideologically to disarm, their repressive images: that is, "taught to see", in the journal's motto. The point is not to educate people to live "for culture", but in a culture.

Visuelle Kommunikation now reprints these theoretical statements, and adds a series of case-studies which demonstrate some of the different critical techniques which can be employed. What all the contributions share, though, is an unequivocal rejection of traditional aesthetics, which is here dismissed as being both precariously founded on masters of individual taste and ideologically "suspect". Thus in his provocative essay Heino R. Möller tries to show how revisionist art historians have glossed over the links between Nazi art and Expressionist painting—especially in the work of Nolde, Marc and Modersohn-Becker, which is here traced back to the reactionary content—and it is this content that is analysed throughout this volume—of "revolutionary" art.

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Yale University Press
20 Bloomsbury Square
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Nationalism before economics

T.M. CULLEN:
An Economic History of Ireland since 1600
208pp. Batsford, £2.

BARBARA LEWIS SOLOW:
The Land Question and the Irish Economy 1870-1903
247pp. Harvard University Press, London: Oxford University Press, £4.

Although the past thirty years have seen a revolution in the writing of Irish history, its makers have, for obvious reasons, concerned themselves mainly with politics, and especially with the complex relationship between Britain and Ireland. The merit of this preoccupation has been to bring contentious matters to the pitch where they can now be discussed uncontentiously. Its defect, however, has been that other kinds of history—especially economic and social history—have been sadly neglected.

Of late there have been signs that this situation was beginning to change. One of those who have taken a prominent part is Louis Cullen, whose new book is not only a more technical sequel to his recent, pioneering *Life in Ireland*, but also a valuable summing-up of what has so far been achieved in the modern sector of this field. His *An Economic History of Ireland since 1600* is both descriptive and analytical—with description predominating in the earlier chapters and analysis in the later; but though it is composed within a wide chronological framework, he manages to avoid the pitfalls inherent in a linear approach. His technique is to select certain broad and frequently recurring themes and deal with these in

depth: war and the economy, land, industry, trade, the "rural crisis" of the first half of the nineteenth century, the emerging "modernism" of the second half, the mingled stagnation and expansion of the fifty years since independence. The resulting study, though remarkably—at times, bleakly—concise, is packed with information and charged with the insight which Dr Cullen is uniquely qualified to convey. So many of the facts and figures in his book are so obviously the fruit of research of the highest quality that his very brevity whets our appetite for more, especially for evidence about his sources. It is said, therefore, to have to record that his bibliography is somewhat selective and his footnotes few and far between.

Those who know Dr Cullen's work already will not need to be told that he is a formidable revisionist, and even in the space of two hundred pages he exercises this particular talent to great effect. It would, however, have been kinder to the nonspecialist reader if he had indicated a little more clearly where the Cullen doctrine conflicts with earlier orthodoxies, or perhaps one should now say where the Cullen orthodoxy replaces earlier orthodoxies. But collectors of new interpretations will note with interest his dismissal of the idea that "a state of suppressed land war" existed in the eighteenth century, his writing down of the Great Famine as a watershed in modern Irish history, and his closely argued contention that Ireland in the second half of the nineteenth century had both a more complex and a more prosperous economy (the dire 1880s apart) than has previously been supposed. Altogether, this is a stimulating and indispensable book, marred only by a too superficial

treatment of the past fifty years and by the fact—in no way Dr Cullen's fault, but still unhappily a fact—that panoramic surveys of this kind are always bound to be bows drawn more or less at a venture in the absence of the detailed monographs upon which they ought properly to be based.

Monographs on all aspects of the economy are badly needed, but it is quite remarkable that Irish historians—locked as they are in that obsession of theirs with political developments—should have shown such massive indifference to the economic aspects of the crucial land question. Nearly all the most fruitful work in this field has been, and is being, done by American scholars. One of these, Barbara Solow, has now produced (as one of the "Harvard Economics Studies") a short, critical investigation of the land question and its bearings upon the Irish economy. Although, like other researchers in this jungle, she is driven to rely mainly upon familiar printed sources rather than upon the wealth of estate papers which, in a more ideal world, would long before now have been made available to scholars, she has written a book which supersedes all its predecessors and deserves itself to become a minor classic.

The Land Question and the Irish Economy 1870-1903 is lucid, humane, elegantly argued and goes to the very heart of the relationship between landlord and tenant. This, like Dr Cullen's, is a highly concentrated piece of work and, even more than his, it is essentially a demolition job. Many hoary myths go by the board: that Irish landlords were rack-renters, that evictions were on a vast scale, that state intervention achieved its ends, that the Land Act

of 1881 was revolutionary, or that land purchase was the decisive factor in the way that contemporaries thought it was—all these pass under Mrs Solow's cool and calculating gaze and none of them will be the same again.

The recurring motif of her book, and in this too it resembles Dr Cullen's, is that broad generalizations about "the Irish economy" are nearly always misleading and that the only safe guide is to assume that significant regional differences will generally make nonsense of governmental policies aimed at the country as a whole. Thus, not only does she establish that for much of the post-Famine period evictions were relatively few and rents remarkably low, but she demonstrates also that in some parts of the country—notably the west and south-west—overpopulation of unproductive land was so chronic that even if the rent had been reduced to zero the cultivators of what passed for the soil would have found it almost impossible to make a living.

She identifies this, rather than the tenure-system, as the root evil; though the tenure-system did operate to worsen the situation because it made it simply not worth the landlord's while to improve either the quality of agriculture or the land itself, an investment of capital and energy which alone might have staved off the catastrophic collapse caused by the bad seasons and the falling prices of the late 1870s. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for Mrs Solow the landlords were as much the victims of the British government as their tenants were the victims of the Irish weather.

The conventional views of the relationship of economic development to the mainstream of Irish political and con-

stitutional history in the nineteenth century need to be revised. Rents by the English landlord cannot play a starring role.

This is not to say that there was a connexion between the land and what Parnell called "the march of nation". On the contrary, Mrs Solow does establish a close connexion deriving not from the success of carrying out of a settled policy but from the attempted application of drastic remedies to a disease for which those remedies had never been designed.

To the eventual triumph of separatist land legislation made several contributions: it did not ameliorate economic conditions, and at a critical time it emptied the field of economic policy and in the course of this, its working exacerbated landlord-tenant relations focusing on a point of conflict of interests; finally, the greatest contribution of land legislation was that it eventually resulted in the end of landlordism in Ireland. Once the garrison was gone the island became much less important to the English.

It was hardly surprising that the patient, the landlord class, should not have survived the treatment. But Mrs Solow chooses to end her thesis with a question which opens up wider horizons. "If", she asks, "the Irish sacrificed economic progress on the altar of Irish nationalism, who can say it was the wrong choice?" Reading this at the very moment when the Irish—in the Republic, at least—have voted five to one in favour of entry into Europe, one is moved to ask a supplementary question: Who can say that the economic sacrifice of the nineteenth century is any longer relevant to the twentieth?

Hitler's plan for Norway

ALAN S. MILWARD:
The Fascist Economy in Norway
317pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £5.

This book is a welcome addition to the literature on Norway and the Second World War, and the first one to study its wartime economy in depth. It is also the most revealing account so far of the economic war aims of Hitlerite Germany, and offers convincing proof that the concept of the New Order for a fascist Europe was much more than an empty phrase covering traditional short-term exploitation of occupied territories.

Norway's particular interest to Alan S. Milward's study of the New Order is that here, in contrast, for example, to France—the subject of his preceding book—the German rulers felt compelled to seek a fuller realization of their long-term plans for a re-making of Europe in their own image. Not only was Norway "racially suitable" for such an experiment, but the traditionally open and internationally-minded Norwegian economy would in any case have to be reorientated to suit the realities of Hitler's Europe. Also the insignificance of the Norwegian Nazi party meant that there was no need for the Germans to share their power with indigenous authorities.

Professor Milward's external approach to the history of the Norwegian wartime economy has considerable advantages. It enables him to concentrate on the German and the New Order context without being sidetracked into the interesting but comparatively unimportant squabbles between the German rulers and their Norwegian stooges. If, as a result, the reader is treated to some rather strange explanations of how interwar Norway was somehow predisposed for fascism but nevertheless avoided it, this matters less since it plays no part in Professor Milward's central theme.

After introductory—and rather less satisfactory—chapters on the

Norwegian setting, Professor Milward lays the basis for his main theme with a succinct survey of the far-reaching schemes to make Norway a suitable partner in the New Order of the *Grossraumwirtschaft* which was to follow Germany's victory in the war. He makes no exaggerated claims about strict coherence of those plans, which were worked out amid the internal rivalries and conflicting priorities of different parts of the Nazi hierarchy and subjected to the occasional interventions of the Führer himself. But the main elements emerge clearly: a strong emphasis on basic economic activities such as farming and fishing—for both social and economic reasons; a further development of natural Norwegian contributions to a European economy—cheap hydro-electric power and certain mineral resources; and more extravagant foibles like road and rail communications to link the whole of Norway more closely to the heart of the *Grossraum*.

Professor Milward's thesis has two parts. First, he wants to show that the New Order in Norway was not just a temporary expedient determined by the needs of the German war effort, but aimed at a more or less permanent restructuring of the Norwegian economy. This he does very convincingly, by demonstrating the long-term nature of the plans even at the cost of immediate profits. Thus his secondary argument, that German economic policy in Norway makes no sense without its long-term character, seems not only unnecessary but also somewhat dubious. The marginal economic value to Germany of the occupation of Norway hardly proves the existence of long-term economic motives any more than the negative strategic results of the occupation invalidate the primarily strategic motives for the German invasion. Quite apart from this, Professor Milward's assertions about the unprofitability of Germany's occupation of Norway based on Norway's import surplus during most of the war, seem to take

insufficient account both of the Wehrmacht's large share of those imports and the inflated prices of German exports to Norway.

The second part of Professor Milward's thesis, attempting to show the plans of the New Order as being ideological or "socio-psychological" as well as economic, is more problematic. Although the language of New Order planning may often have had heavy ideological overtones, it is difficult to escape the feeling that this could also serve as a mythological smokescreen for economic or strategic necessity. In particular, the self-sufficiency principle of so many aspects of the New Order both in the Norwegian and in the wider European *Grossraum* concept, while apt to quarantine German-dominated Europe against "infection from the more material systems", would also protect it against the free-trade liberalism and economic power of, in particular, the United States. In this respect, therefore, the fascist New Order did not differ in kind from traditional closed-shop imperialism. Yet Professor Milward does have a case for his emphasis on the ideological elements of the New Order, even if it has to be limited to an observation that, in the fascist New Order, ideological and economic-imperialist motives were inextricably intertwined throughout.

In the end, of course, the ideological element mattered very little. Even the ambitious schemes for a New Order in Norway soon wilted, as the *Blitzkrieg* faded into a long-drawn struggle of staying-power and resources and the short-term needs of the German war economy had to be given overall priority. In Professor Milward's own words, from then on the

The revenue men

EDWARD CARSON:
The Ancient and Rightful Customs
336pp. Faber and Faber, £4.

Edward Carson is the librarian and archivist of the Customs and Excise Department and so is particularly well qualified to write its history. His volume contains four valuable appendices dealing with the departmental records, the location and dates of surviving ship's registers, legislation concerning wrecks, and material on the customs and excise laboratories, supplemented by a useful glossary and bibliography. There, however, ends much of the book's direct importance for historians, for the text is very largely a chatty collection of interesting stories and facts about the development of the Customs service, without benefit of detailed references and without any serious discussion of the economic and social implications of the growth and enforcement of Customs duties. The treatment is chronological and gets fuller as it goes along, the chapters on the Middle Ages and early modern period being distinctly thin and sketchy.

This is not to say, though, that the book does not have attractions for historians as well as for general readers. Among the lighter notes is the intriguing suggestion that America may have been named not for Amerigo Vespucci but for a much more obscure individual, a Customs collector at Bristol, personally known to John Cabot. Richard A. Merlyke. And popping up among the more eminent members of the eighteenth-century service are to be found such un-Customs-like figures as Adam Smith, Robert Burns and Thomas Paine.

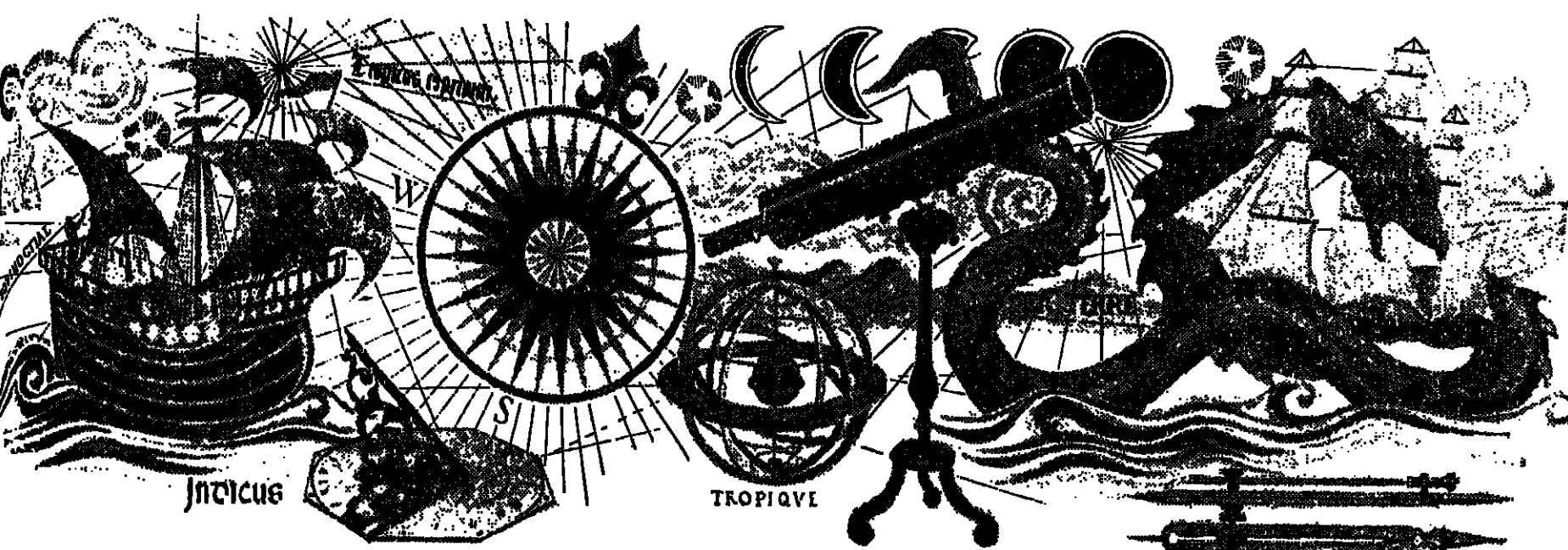
The eighteenth century, of course, was the great age of smuggling, a trade frequently conducted on an enormous scale and in a far from furtive manner. Indeed Customs officers often thought better of tackling smuggling gangs of twenty, thirty, or even forty armed men, while the smugglers' wives, waiting on shore, were not above pushing an inquisitive

riding officer over the cliffs. Revenue officers were not infrequently assaulted and sometimes killed or captured by the organized gangs, and the Cornish and Welsh coasts were notorious for the pillaging of wrecks by "country people" in whose activities it was highly dangerous to interfere.

In the nineteenth century large-scale smuggling became less open and less violent as the preventive forces improved in size and efficiency. There was more emphasis on concealment of contraband in ordinary commercial cargoes, and, with the growth of foreign travel, private smuggling became more common. The Board of Customs drew attention to "some gentlemen, many ladies, and more ladies' maids" who were prepared to take risks of cheating the revenue, "sometimes by 'padding' outable articles within the folds of ladies' dresses".

Although the advent of free trade simplified Customs work there was considerable accretion of extra duties. In addition to its old regulations of quarantine and health, collection of light dues, the department became responsible for registration, dealing with aliens acting as agents in a wide variety of matters for the Admiralty and Board of Trade. The diversity of functions increased still further after amalgamation with the Excise in 1911, particularly as the Excise took responsibility for administering age pensions until 1947. In the present century too, of course, the return to protection has also multiplied the Customs' revenue functions.

There is a great deal of detail on all these developments, but it seems unfortunate that the author has not chosen to deal more systematically with its various aspects. One would like to think that the rigidly chronological approach rather than mere human perversity makes the chapters on smuggling the most interesting in this far from uninteresting book.



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here on earth is it? The last time you looked something up in an atlas, did you question its accuracy? Did you stop to think how the measurements of the Earth were arrived at—considering that to begin with people thought the world was flat?



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Imagine as a layman, starting at the beginning with no maps, charts and only the stars to guide you. Then where on earth would it be? Where on earth would you be? It's a puzzling thought, and one which puts the modern

And just in case you're still taking this extraordinary development from primitive direction

circles drawn in the sand or snow apart, the first

The Earth's measurements, however, weren't

taken until 135 BC when Posidonius, basing his measures on the Greek Stade, arrived at the figures 44,640 km. circumference and 7011 km. radius.

But Ptolemy in AD 140 took Posidonius's figure, and although his maps remained more or less gospel until the 16th century, he never did measure the Earth himself.

And for 1430 years, because Ptolemy remained more or less text book, only the Mediterranean world was represented on maps with any accuracy.

Came the Renaissance, cartography emerged from the Dark Ages. Ptolemy's 'Geographia' was rediscovered and translated into Latin. Printing and engraving were invented. Hence maps—previously hand-painted collector items—came into mass circulation and became available to explorers and adventurers of the 15th century.

So the great voyages of discovery began. Vasco da Gama

opened up the sea route to India, and Christopher Columbus discovered San Salvador.

In 1570 Mercator placed this wealth of information together and compiled the first 'modern' world atlas, and Blaeu, in 1630, compiled a beautiful atlas which scholars of cartography revere even today.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the Dutch, Germans, and French used increasingly better surveying techniques. Governments woke up to the value of cartography as an aid to trading and warfare, and mapped their own countries.

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These improvements have culminated in what promises to be the greatest of them all, *The Times Atlas of the World 1972 Comprehensive Edition*. All the maps have been updated since the 1968 edition. A mammoth task in itself. The sections on the Universe, the Solar System, the Moon and Earth's resources have been revised. The index includes a supplement of 1500 additions and corrections. Hundreds of individuals and institutions have played their parts. All of history has contributed. The price. Only £20. Marco Polo would have found that pretty cheap. Available from all better bookshops or direct from The Times Publishing Division, Printing House Square, London EC4A 4DE.

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Heyday of the bust

MARGARET WHINNEY:
English Sculpture 1720-1830
Indpp. HAMS. £2.

"Sculpture in Georgian England" might have been a more appropriate title. For, of the seventeen sculptors included in this monograph, eight—if you include Sir Henry Chere, whom Vertue anyway always regarded as a foreigner, were not English. And of the native talents, which can truly stand up to the competition from abroad? Wilton? Flaxman? Chantrey? They are not really in the same class as Ryshbrack, Koubiliac or even Nollekins (indeed, their representation in the Victoria and Albert museum is a clear indication of this—ten works from the three former, 24 from the latter). Such thoughts, however, are irrelevant to the welcome due to this little volume, which is the Victoria and Albert's first official introduction to the subject.

The Victoria and Albert is so varied in its aspects that those who are not primarily concerned may well not have realized how radically this part of the collections has been developed during the past twenty-five years. Margaret Whinney properly recalls the fieldwork done by Mrs. Edsall and Rupert Gunnis: it was largely as a result of their researches that a notable expansion began after the

war. Of the fifty-two works reproduced in this volume, only eleven were in the museum's possession in 1931; twenty-nine have been acquired since 1945.

Until a comprehensive catalogue is attempted—the time for which, Sir John Pope-Hennessy suggests, has not yet arrived—Dr Whinney admirably provides the essential information. The period covers, broadly, the transition from late Baroque and Rococo to Neo-Classicism. However, in so far as all these pieces were conceived in England, definitions and boundaries tend to blur a little: attitudes, like the climate, are less extreme. Evident on the one hand is the subdued romanticism that tends to weave in and out of all English painting and sculpture; on the other, in the portrait busts which were such a feature of the period (the result of the limited private patronage which was the only real source of work), a sharp observation and an unflinching realism which stem from Northern Europe rather than the Mediterranean.

Of particular interest are the terracotta models for works subsequently translated (for the most part by assistants) into marble. In the terracotta it is to be found the real measure of the sculptor's intention, for their immediacy of touch results in forms which are particularly rather

than, as so often in the marble, generalized. Ryshbrack's "John Locke", Scheemakers' "Dr Hugh Chamberlen" and Wilton's "Oliver Cromwell" are but three of the more striking terracottas in the collection—the latter being of particular interest in that it may be compared directly with the marble, also in the Victoria and Albert.

In reproduction a largeness of scale in many of the models is very conspicuous, and makes the more regrettable the limited opportunities then available for tackling the bigger group. Ryshbrack's bronze statuette of Rubens, for example, just under two feet high, is in many ways a much larger conception. The tomb or monument provided the main outlet for full-scale composition in eighteenth-century England, and by way of background Dr Whinney illustrates a number from Westminster Abbey and elsewhere. However, it is above all in the portrait bust that the strength of the collection lies. Koubiliac's marvellous "Lord Chesterfield", Nollekins' "Charles James Fox" (of which it is said that Catherine of Russia had twelve copies to give away as presents), Chantrey's "John Raphael Smith", Scheemakers' "Cobham" and Ryshbrack's "Canon Finch": these add continuing lustre to the museum and sharpness to our understanding of the period.

Pre-NHS

A. M. COOKE:
A History of the Royal College of Physicians of London
Volume 3: pp 802-1247. Oxford University Press. £5.

The appearance of the third volume of this series makes a welcome addition to the story of medicine in this country: it covers a period of ninety years, from the passage of the Medical Acts in 1858, to 1948, when the National Health Service Act came into force. In 1858 the College was small—with only 188 fellows—and its form of management had been unchanged for many years. Within the medical profession it was regarded "mainly as an examining body of oligarchical structure": outside the profession the function of the College was little understood or appreciated. And it is difficult to see how this could have been otherwise. It was frequently consulted by government departments and gave, on the whole, sane and sound advice; but it was often sadly out of touch: it was a long time before the College would agree that leprosy was a contagious disease. On the other hand, in a memorial addressed to Disraeli in 1874 on the subject of dwellings for the poor, the College pointed out:

"That private enterprise is powerless to provide the fresh and improved home-commodations which is required for those who have been expelled from their former habitations in addition to that which is called for by the constant increase of the population, by reason of the impossibility of securing suitable sites for building."

It was hoped that the government would take up this matter "in the present session of Parliament". This memorial reads as well now as it did then, and is evidence that the College did play a part in improving the welfare of people in this country. In more recent times the publications of the College on smoking have shown a similar awareness of problems affecting public health.

During its long history the College has done little directly to encourage research on its own premises. But, in 1890, a small laboratory for research was established jointly with the Royal College of Surgeons: it was, however, forced for financial reasons to close in 1902. (It is recorded that the College could not afford the sum of £150 to pay for a crematorium for experimental animals.) The College has never been

rich: the principal source of income derived from its examination fees. And it is as an examining body that the College was of most importance for many years: the disciplinary control of its fellows, members and entitles has now largely passed into the purview of the General Medical Council.

Dr Cooke gives a full and interesting account of the long and winding negotiations between the Royal Colleges and the University of London over the granting of medical degrees; in describing the work of the Royal Commission of 1889, he marks fairly that

"the pretensions of the Royal College were dismissed in terms that as unbecomingly contemptuous as they were consistent with the dignity of a Royal Commission to employ."

The whole of this projected episode is an example of how an over-dense sense of loyalty, inflexibility of discussion and a lack of tact and subtlety can delay an agreement which everyone wants: "The episode is perhaps a sad commentary on the fallibility of human affairs, and certainly a reminder of how little is achieved by committees."

The College has tended in the past to be conservative in its outlook, and can be seen from its firm attitude to the admission of women to medicine. Yet it was the Dawson Report, issued in 1920, that first put the concept of a national health service, and one can look back to that part played by the College in the negotiations and controversy over the present service and realize that its attitude on the whole was realistic and conciliatory: as such, it was able to obtain concessions from the government which a more truculent attitude would probably have lost.

The College remains a self-perpetuating oligarchy, but since its influence is now widely spread over the whole country, this is hardly a criticism. The development of its activities over the ninety years which Dr Cooke examines will probably seem as nothing compared to what the next ninety years will have to show.

No one body, be it a Royal College or the British Medical Association, any other, can claim to speak for the whole medical profession, and it certainly has its advantages. It will be shown that the attitude of the college in 1946-47—when it refused to combine with its two sister Royal Colleges into an Academy of Medicine—was a wise one.

Post NHS

GORDON McLACHLAN (Editor):
Problems and Progress in Medical Care
200pp. Oxford University Press for the Nuffield Provincial Hospital Trust. £2.50.

These nine essays deal with various aspects of the working of the National Health Service which have led to some disquiet, not necessarily great, among both those who work in the service and those who receive its benefits.

The place of the general practitioner, certainly in rural areas, as the leading figure of a medical, or para-medical, team has never been fully recognized. Too often lack of contact and reasonable communication between general practitioner, hospital and local authority results in no one really knowing what has happened, or is to happen, to some sick person. The interests of the patient suffer accordingly. It is to be regretted that the terms of reference of the Seebohm committee were not wide enough to include the work of the medical-social worker in hospital, for it is she who will be most closely concerned with the satisfactory discharge of a patient. This important work is often left to the ward sister, whose job it clearly should not be.

The role of the patient in the National Health Service has never been properly appreciated, although much lip-service is paid to his importance and to the understanding of his needs. The pamphlet which,

in theory at least, is now sent to patient before his admission, familiarize him in advance with hospital, is too often concerned with ensuring the smooth running of the machine rather than with the comfort and of the patient.

Among other problems examined by the contributors to this work is the value of a social service department, as envisaged by the Seebohm report, in a rural as compared to an urban area; the vexed question, at least to many doctors, of the present system of the recruitment of men into the nursing service; and a study of geriatric service work for the health service; it should be of particular use in administrators on all levels.

Man and Animal: Studies in human evolution, edited by Heinz Friedl (144pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2.50). This book has great interest for its excellent collection of popular essays on ethnological and biological problems. Most of the essays were originally written for radio and they have been translated from the German by K. N. Walsby: they include "Pair Formation", "Ravens", "Karl von Frisch", "Animal Meats", "Erich von Holst", "The Psychology of the Experimental Animals", "Koehler on 'Non-verbal thinking' and N. Tinbergen's 'On War and Peace in Animals and Man'."

perhaps characteristic of Adams that at the beginning of the Revolution he not only committed himself to a wandering star but also typical of the greatest of the family as a bench mark for the infant Henry: he was baptized by his uncle, the Puritan Church in Massachusetts merely as a state of affairs more belonging to the old Massachusetts establishment and bound to a great deal of misunderstanding among the various sects to the succession of the Commonwealth.

England Dissent, 1630-1833, by William McLoughlin, is a book of great learning and of good judgment. It is a book which is necessary to read of his very lengthy and possibly having been too long for the New England Baptists, who seem to be an outsider, to read all the credit that is due to it. It is necessary to read it at no time were the dominant denomination or the dominant of the Puritan tradition of the old establishment was a theologically inconsistent one. On the one side, it consisted of the devout followers of Jefferson who were as completely convinced of his rightness as good Liberals were of the rightness of Gladstone. The Unitarian establishment, abandoning legislation which debarred Baptists from public office and from affirmation of Christian belief, could suffer them much less than that. Of course, Bishop Cheverus of Boston (later Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux) was a highly respected figure. After all, he was a Royalist exile. Nevertheless Rome was not admired by any of the Massachusetts sects until it was visible that Calvinistic and later Arminian zealots of New England. Jefferson firmly believed that Unitarianism

more loosely to the old certainties of their faith than was the case even as recently as the First World War. The Baptists were certainly not as politically-minded as the sects within the New England establishment, and were easily enough put off from pressing claims on which they had not any strong sectarian reason to insist. Compared, for example, with the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, there is something tepid about a great many of the controversies which Dr McLoughlin discusses with such learning, objectivity, and acuteness. Even that adiabatic, Augustus Birrell, was ironical on the way in which people like himself should claim formally to be Baptists while cheerfully acting as godparents to the children of Anglican friends. And when the Establishment lapsed at the time of the First Reform Bill, the apparently impregnable establishment in New England fell with very muted notes from the trumpets of its enemies.

As Dr McLoughlin points out, the coalition which overthrew what was left of the old establishment was a theologically inconsistent one. On the one side, it consisted of the devout followers of Jefferson who were as completely convinced of his rightness as good Liberals were of the rightness of Gladstone. The Unitarian establishment, abandoning legislation which debarred Baptists from public office and from affirmation of Christian belief, could suffer them much less than that. Of course, Bishop Cheverus of Boston (later Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux) was a highly respected figure. After all, he was a Royalist exile. Nevertheless Rome was not admired by any of the Massachusetts sects until it was visible that Calvinistic and later Arminian zealots of New England. Jefferson firmly believed that Unitarianism

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Boston's Baptists

WILLIAM G. McLOUGHLIN:
New England Dissent, 1630-1833
Volume 1: 693pp. Volume 2: pp697-1,324. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £16.50 the set.

would spread in the South as he believed it was spreading in the North, but it hardly spread at all in the South and did not spread fast or far in the North. It was significant that when Matthew Arnold was later lecturing at Harvard he astonished President Eliot by refusing to worship in the Unitarian chapel of Harvard College and insisted on going to the decent service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, although his theological views were even less concrete than those of President Eliot's Unitarianism.

The only serious weakness of *New England Dissent* is that it is a little weak on the side of authority. Nowhere is there a sufficiently elaborate or clear discussion of the basic problems raised by the tenets of the Baptists or even by the reasons which led to the Baptists being replaced by the Methodists. It was significant of a change in the ethnic character of New England that the Unitarian establishment, abandoning legislation which debarred Baptists from public office and from affirmation of Christian belief, could suffer them much less than that. Of course, Bishop Cheverus of Boston (later Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux) was a highly respected figure. After all, he was a Royalist exile. Nevertheless Rome was not admired by any of the Massachusetts sects until it was visible that Calvinistic and later Arminian zealots of New England. Jefferson firmly believed that Unitarianism

Dr McLoughlin is perhaps rather

chilly towards the claims of the Unitarian establishment, but the Unitarians themselves were sufficiently chilly to justify their being regarded hostilely by more enthusiastic Christians. John Adams and John Quincy Adams and Charles Francis Adams could all, in various ways, be seen as legitimate heirs of the old Puritan establishment, but Henry Adams and his brothers were examples not only of the decline in Puritan zeal and the rise of Papists (mainly Irish immigrants) but of the transfer of allegiance, which began in the late seventeenth century, from the Puritan establishment to the Church of England. The Baptist, of course, had had a rough ride from the Puritan establishment, as is the fate of all dissenters; but it could be suggested that they in fact complained too much, if their sufferings are compared with those of the Quakers in the seventeenth century or the Baptists in the early nineteenth century. Lyman Beecher as preacher of freedom of religion is an implausible character, and there is an assumption, as Dr McLoughlin notes, that the religion of all sensible Christians was some form or other of evangelical enthusiasm.

Unitarians could not meet the standards of the Baptists or the Trinitarian Congregationalists any more than the Papists could, and Dr McLoughlin rightly points out that the allied Baptist and Trinitarian Congregationalists believed innocently in the approaching universal triumph of their brand of Protestantism. It was an illusion that died hard. There were people who, after the Edinburgh conference of 1910, thought the world was to be won for Christ in that decade. After the First World War, the enthusiastic Methodists dwelt on the possibility of eclipsing all the edifices of Rome with some brand-new American equivalents of St Peter's or St John

Lateran. Fortunately, either money or zeal ran out before this absurd project could be even begun.

If the grievances of what we may call the Puritan Dissenters were not as serious as those of many other victims, they could still be serious and also annoying. There were plenty of un-Christian officials who stretched the law or enforced the law to compel Baptists, for example, to contribute to the maintenance of the old Puritan establishment which was obviously less and less representative of the active Christians in New England but which still had the law, on its side. In some ways, the situation of the old Puritan establishment was like that of the Church of Ireland in, let us say, Connaught. And the defence of that establishment in its last years, conducted by implausible Christians like Daniel Webster, meant that even a legal victory was rapidly disappearing as a political possibility, and the moral or religious victory had already been abandoned as an effective programme.

In this long book there is a great deal of highly if unconsciously entertaining miscellaneous information. There are church quarrels inside the Puritan establishment which one might be permitted to think of as not being serious enough to be laughed at even by Molière. Others recall the *Auld Licht Idylls*; others, perhaps, in later generations of Baptists, "powerful" religious novels like *Robert Elsmere*. The bulk of the theological controversies were not carried on at the highest level. There was no real equivalent of Robertson Smith of Aberdeen and Cambridge (Eng). Indeed, with the decline of the drab but learned Unitarian ministry, the Protestant clergy was only occasionally a learned clergy. After all, Lyman Beecher was a more serious theologian than his son, Henry Ward. And Amherst and Brown were not academic institutions to rival Harvard.

Dr McLoughlin makes it plain that, although philosophically speaking the allies and disciples of Jefferson and the heirs of Isaac Backus had very little in common, politically speaking they had a great deal. Few establishments were less capable of existing enthusiasm than the Unitarian establishment which failed to keep Emerson within its ranks. As Dr McLoughlin points out, both the Jeffersonian Deists and the Universalists "in the pursuit of happiness" were psychologically much more like Trinitarian Christians such as Lyman Beecher than Jefferson would have liked to believe. Both believed not so much in the rival destinies of man as in the humanity and good sense of the average man. (Whether Jefferson really believed this deeply is a matter for sceptical speculation.)

But there can be no doubt that the various dissident bodies and, above all, the body with which Dr McLoughlin is concerned, took an optimistic view of the human situation. It is not only, to quote an old Boston joke, that Universalists believed that God was too good to damn them, and the Unitarians believed that they were too good to be damned, but that the whole trend of the American mind was towards an extremely optimistic if credulous acceptance of Bishop Berkeley's prophetic verses about "The Course of Empire". The time was to come when the spokesman for a Puritan tradition would be no Baptist minister and no Methodist bishop, but Cardinal O'Connell. And perhaps the most significant event in the recent ecclesiastical history of New England has been the appointment of a Portuguese priest as Archbishop of Boston, the see once held by a French nobleman and then by a series of formidable Irish prelates.

In that evolution, the Baptists played on the whole a useful and what was, considering the history of early New England, a remarkable and comparatively harmless role; and for those who have the time and energy to read through this study of ecclesiastical controversy, of the evolution of the American mind in which Rome and Boston have very largely come together, it is full of interest and even of a kind of morbid fascination.

JON SILKIN

Symbols of authority

DOUGLAS FRASER and HERBERT M. COLE (Editors):
African Art and Leadership
332pp. University of Wisconsin Press (AUPG). £8.50.

This book is further evidence that the study of African art has come of age. Instead of the usual survey into tribal style groups, it offers a number of serious specialized studies. Their common theme is "art and leadership". The term "leadership" is taken in its widest possible sense and refers not only to the divine kingships of societies like Ibo and Benin, but also to the political role played by masked societies among the Afikpo-Ipos or Chokwe.

In such a diverse collection, the quality and importance of the papers must obviously vary. Roy Sieber's paper on Kwa-hu terracottas is sketchy; a worthwhile contribution to a journal but not substantial enough for a book. Simon Ottenberg's paper brings much illumination to the masks and their social and political life. Despite his very formal language he succeeds in bringing the *Okunkpa* play to life. By contrast, Douglas Fraser's intriguing "The fish-legged figure in Benin and Yoruba Art" in the end tells us nothing at all about the Binl or the Yoruba. Mr Fraser traces the fish-legged figure back via Renaissance art and medieval art to the Ancient Near East. His fascinating inquiry is a little like a whodunit, and in the end we are reasonably convinced that Mr Fraser's hypothesis is correct: the fish-legged figure may well have come from India or Afghanistan. But knowing this, we understand no more about the meaning of the figure among the Binl or Yoruba and we are hardly in a position to draw any historical conclusions.

To this reviewer Robert F. Thompson's article "The Sign of the Divine King" seems by far the most interesting. Although previously published in *African Arts* (and rather more richly illustrated) it is well worth including again here. Basically it discusses the beaded crowns that are the chief symbols of Yoruba kingship and the two constantly recurring themes on these crowns: the "frontal face" and the "gathering of birds". Mr Thompson's thorough knowledge of Yoruba art and culture enables him to trace these motifs as they recur in other forms of Yoruba and Benin art. His careful inquiry finally

offers a fresh understanding of the entire nature of divine kingship among the Yoruba.

The beaded crown with veil blends the terror and splendour of kingship. A ruler must face evil, defeat it, and imagination. Birds suggest evil and the neutralization of evil, flying out to destroy enemies foreign and domestic and even the king himself, should he prove to be fundamentally wicked.

The birds symbolise the splendour of communication with the gods, with the spirit of departed kings, and with the king himself in full ancestral potency. The faces of his ancestors bear witness to earthly grandeur, the full of the veil lifts his glory to their level of ontological purity. A review of the documents, vision, and written, suggests a series of oppositions: summit of tree as site of force—head of king as seat of judgement; flight of bird or piercing with beak—royal communication or magic incantations; transformation of the generic into the vaguely individual; transformation of the individual into the vaguely generic: the coming of night, when unseen forces are unleashed—the fall of the veil when unseen forces are absorbed. The meaning of these forces might be simply interpreted: the king can uphold the aspirations of civilization only if he embodies within an essential goodness the understanding of evil.

Snap judgments

WILLIAM FAGG (Editor):
The Living Arts of Nigeria
Unnumbered pages. Studio Vista. £5.

This book is an account of an extraordinary and unprecedented *inter-de-fora*—a fourteen-day expedition by four people innocent of anthropological or ethnological knowledge or training, but equipped with powers of observation (and material equipment) worthy of the best journalism and charged with doing a reporting job on the state of the traditional crafts in Nigeria.

Thus William Fagg, in his introduction, describes the origin and the purpose of this book. "The 'reporting job' was obviously a very superficial one and even Mr Fagg's editing could not turn this collection of photographs, drawings and random facts into an informative study of Nigerian crafts."

Of the four people mentioned by Mr Fagg, only two are acknowledged by the publishers: Mr Pechinotti, the photographer, and Michael Foreman, the artist. Pechinotti's photographs almost succeed in turning this haphazard book into something worth-

while. He proves that it is possible, with sensitive lighting and careful cutting, to dramatize African sculpture without making it look vulgar. He can evoke the atmosphere of Nigerian towns and villages in a manner that is both beautiful and memorable. Moreover, he manages to provide some new and unexpected perspectives on scenes all too familiar to a long-time resident of Nigeria. Among several masterpieces in the book are the superb double-page photograph of the Kano dye pits and the aerial view of a single pit that makes the dark mass of liquid indigo dye look like a sombre black moon.

Unfortunately, Mr Foreman's drawings are not of the same quality. They have neither the poetry nor the power of Pechinotti's photographs. The Nigerian world that appears rich and vigorous in the photographs is feeble and bleached in the drawings—"pretty" at the very best. The drawings are not technical enough to be elegantly seen out of key with the rest of the book. One wishes that the space taken up by them had been used for more photographs.

Such insight into the deeper implications of artistic symbolism is rare indeed.

At the end of this book the editors have compiled what they call an "overview" on art and leadership. This somewhat neutralizes the gains made by the specific studies, because the authors are here compelled to generalize again, which forces them into some misleading statements. To give but one example:

Characteristic of leaders is their desire to possess objects of durable materials, objects which, when passed down to future generations will reflect the prestige of the line.

—no doubt very true of many societies. But among the Yoruba neither brass nor ivory are the privilege of the king. Brass belongs to the Ogboni society, and ivory and lead belong to the Obatala cult. The king can use brass only in so far as he is a member of the Ogboni cult, and only a few Obas who happen to be Obatala worshippers could handle ivory at all. The use of metal is determined by its particular magic quality, not by its durability.

A Shetland Poem

At Grobness, a house
mild-visaged above the sea
had three floors; the roof
and its wood hold.

No other beams.
A minimum of elegance spared
in stone. Twelve slatted frames
admit all that comes.

Dung stamped hard
onto the floor gorges
the blank mouth of the hearth.
The house fills.

A shelter for beasts
the best they may have had;
when we disgorged
from the steel cavalry, our crofts'

Flesh thinned to
water and shards. Wasting
grasses spindled some wool
skinned loose.

The wind staggers itself.
With stone broadcast
on low pear slopes
touching water.

Child-absence, absence of women
and the dank flit
of beasts useless save
to the industrious visitor.

But by what we had
before, not worse;
and the slaughtered had not
this good dirt.

Shouldn't we have, by
a tally cut against night
chilling inside the moon's
crubb of frost.

wanted, and got, more than
a pinched nissen hut
fish, skin flayed, the storm's
goring shove.

The ribbed vessel, with sheep
was lifted, and jiggered
clumsily on rock; a creature
stricken beyond repair.

The doe of the sea.
We were not. But what we were
worked under hundreds
of moons icily lugged,

we were slow asking for.

We got from each laird
the fish's head, the crimson liver;
now we have the whole lot.
But less the dead

the depopulating
war, the multiplying thickness
of the atlantic magnitudes.
Of the sun, a flake.

A pale ameliorating
glid quickening
the coil, in us it stiffens
and presses up in mirth.

The throat luss for its oils.
Joy, joy—spills, and makes free.
We are going to drain, drain and crush
the spent beer-can.

Civilization cuts out
the blood from the heart;
the laboured gratefulness
between us and earth

make a lace-tented shawl such
as our women exorcised from
threads marled round bitterness.

The book trade in 1855

Hodson's, Booksellers, Publishers and Stationers Directory 1855
110pp. Oxford: Bibliographical Society, £1.

This, the seventh of the Occasional Publications of the Society, is a facsimile reprint of the Bodleian copy of one of two recorded, the other being in the British Museum) of what is apparently only the second English book trade directory known to exist. It was preceded by John Pender's of 1785, of which the only copy recorded (again in the Bodleian) was reprinted by the Bibliographical Society in 1953. Also edited by Graham Pollard, Hodson's directory, which contains upwards of 6,000 names arranged alphabetically by counties, with London at the end, was issued (price five shillings) over the imprint of the Booksellers' Communication Agency, and from his preface: "Address to the Trade" it is clear that he intended it to be an annual. But the firm, started in November, 1854 as the Booksellers' Registration Agency, manager William Henry Hodson, was seemingly undercapitalized and certainly short-lived: it came to an end before November, 1856 and there is no evidence that the second edition of this directory,

promised for January of that year, ever materialized.

Nothing is known about Hodson except his connexion with the firm; but he clearly knew the book trade and was known to its members. Mr Pollard opines that he had probably been a traveller or clerk for one of the big London wholesale houses, and his directory, aimed not at the reading public but at the trade, was in fact an essential tool for any publisher or wholesaler who wished to circularize, especially, the country booksellers. Its assembly was a considerable achievement, and it valuably enlarges our knowledge of the trade in the years before the advent of Kelly's *Post Office Directory* in 1872 (continued at three or four yearly intervals until 1939).

An examination of the entries for provincial towns is particularly instructive when compared with the state of affairs today. For example, York, with a population of 40,000 in 1855, could support eleven bookbinders, thirty booksellers, eleven circulating libraries, seven music sellers and fourteen printers (three of these were admittedly entered also as booksellers); with a population of more than 100,000 today, its services in the same general category are probably halved. Pub-

lishers are not normally listed as a separate category; but in Cambridge, for example, an asterisk is attached to those booksellers who were also publishers, among them such still familiar names as Deighton, Bell and Macmillan, and the nine double-column pages needed for the London booksellers required a whole series of indications for their additional activities: "for libraries, for publishers, for printers, etc." The separation of functions commonly combined in the eighteenth century was still not complete.

Mr Pollard's introduction, designed to put Hodson's schemes in perspective, provides an admirably concise survey of the changes in the methods of communication within the book trade during the years following Pender, including paragraphs on the London share book system, the gradual separation of publishing from wholesaling and the varying attitudes of publishers over the years towards the alternative systems of commercial travellers and marketing by circularization. He concludes by endorsing Hodson's claim that "the trade at large will find in this work such a List of Names as has never before been in the possession of any firm"; nor, it may be added, of any historian of the book trade this side of the Bodleian.

Their own work

RODRICK CAVE:
The Private Press

376pp. Faber and Faber, £9.
DAVID CHAMBERS (Editor):
Private Press Books 1970

125pp. Pinner: Private Libraries Association, £2.25 (Members £1.50).

The idea of owning a private press is as old (or nearly) as the printing press itself; indeed until printing settled down and regular businesses were established, printers were quite ready to turn "private" and hire themselves and their equipment to a wealthy patron. But from the sixteenth century onwards there have always been those who, out of whim, for literary convenience, or because they were dissatisfied with the contemporary standards of the "Trade", bought and ran their own printing presses.

For three centuries, there was no "movement", no common impulse or goal, that connected owners of such presses. They might be bishops, anxious to promote God's glory, emperors, anxious to promote their own, or scholars, like Tycho Brahe, too busy and too distant from the professionals to see their complicated work through the press except on the spot. Presses might be educational (like the Infant Louis XV's, a literary toy (like Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill Press), or designed to promote a romantic revival (like Thomas Jones's at Hafod or Alexander Boswell's at Auchinleck); some promoted doctrines unfashionable or illegal, because politically dangerous or obscene: others were merely private because there was as yet no public press—Mr Cave does not stray much outside Europe (though he describes in the press at Godthab in Greenland, Shackleton's in the Antarctic, and some others), but missionary presses, like the Danish one at Tranquebar, would make a book in themselves.

At the end of the nineteenth century came William Morris's Kelmscott Press, and with it a substantial change in the meaning of the phrase "private press". Morris founded his press primarily because he could not achieve the standards he sought, in type, paper, ink and press work, at a commercial press. His success was striking, but his own style was both inimitable and unimitated. Yet however over-decorated, black and unreadable his books may have been they looked different from and, in

point of manufacture, superior to the ordinary commercial book. The progeny of the Kelmscott Press, from the Doves, the Vile and the Ashmole Press to the Adagio, Ashmole, Shoe String, Cuckoo Hill, Oxbrook, Zaubenberg and hundreds of other presses, all the multifarious activity of the past seventy years which occupies two-thirds of *The Private Press*—all this has been devoted to producing books in a style which mechanical processes are incapable of, for aesthetic, technical or commercial reasons.

The private printers of this century, if they have a gospel to promulgate, are not overwhelmingly anxious to publicize it. Theirs is a private world, and if they can satisfy themselves and a few others that they can do what they set out to do, their purpose is served. More recently, the individual islands have become something of an archipelago: private printers circulate news of their publications to each other, and the year's work is gathered together and recorded in *Private Press Books*, an annual now more than 100 pages long, recording 284 private press productions and eighty-two books or articles about them.

It is a thriving and cheerful prospect: a little mannered and self-conscious, perhaps, short on literature if long on invention, but harmless enough and often beautiful. Rodrick Cave's account of it is lucidly, very readable and remarkably comprehensive.

The Private Press is not an analytical monograph on the subject (which is too diverse for that), nor is it a reference book, but that neglected sort of work: a chronicle, well printed and with excellent plates (the line illustrations are inevitably less good, this book makes admirable bedtime reading; it is a useful account of one of mankind's least noxious foibles. Its only disadvantage (for it is an asset) is that it has no continuity. A Protestant clergyman in Ireland once had a thriving press to print his own works and instructed the poor in the craft of printing: At Bunnahoon he and his schools are now totally forgotten. Visiting the village a year or two ago, I found the Protestant church closed; its windows bricked up and the churchyard a wilderness while the buildings which housed the printing school and had been such a hive of activity were in ruins except for the grunting of a pig rooting in them.

in 146 BC. (University, £2.50) Victor Ehrenberg: *The Greek State*. (University, £1.50) Robert Forster and Jack Greene (Editors): *Preconditions of Revolution in Early Modern Europe*. (Johns Hopkins University Press, £1.50) Robert Sobel: *Panic on Wall Street*. (Collins-Macmillan, 40p.)

Literature and Criticism
Charles Dickens: *A Christmas Carol*. The Original Manuscript. (Dover, £1.50) Robert D. Fanger: *William Shakespeare's Operas*. (Southern Illinois University Press, £1.25) William Langland: *Piers Plowman*. Translated into Modern English by Donald and Rachel Alton. (Everyman, 45p.) Adam Mickiewicz: *Pan Tadeusz*. (Translated by Kenneth Mackenzie. (Everyman, 40p.) Kenneth Mackenzie: *The West Indian Novel and its Background*. (Faber, £1.20) Heinrich Zimmer: *The King and the Cosmos*. (Princeton University Press, £1.30.)

Philosophy
John R. Burr and Milton Goldstein (Editors): *Philosophy and Contemporary Issues*. (Collins-Macmillan, £2.35) C. L. Hamilton: *Philosophy*. (University, £1.40) Jean-Paul Sartre: *Imagination*. (University of Michigan Press, £1.05.)

Social Studies
H. W. Bates: *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*. (Everyman, 50p.) Lucy Hutchinson: *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*. (Everyman, 40p.) Elizabeth Jenkins: *Elizabeth and Leicester*. (Panther, 60p.) Murray Morgan: *One Man's Gold Rush*. Photographs by E. A. Hegg. (University of Washington Press, £1.98) Nelson's Letters. Edited by Geoffrey Rawson. (Everyman, 40p.)

Drama
John Osborne: *A Subject of Scandal and Concern*. (Faber, 45p.)
Fiction
Siegfried Sassoon: *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*. (Faber, £1.60) Hugh Walpole: *Mr Perrin and Mr Trull*. (Everyman, 45p.)

History
T. S. Ashton: *An Economic History of England: 1714-1870*. (University, £1.10) William Ashworth: *An Economic History of England: 1870-1939*. (University, £1.60) M. Cary: *A History of the Greek World from 323*

Books received

and Architecture

RODNEY, and COLE, DAVID.
Architecture of the South. 128pp. Reading: Osprey.

A systematic survey, but a notably motivated notebook record of personal choice of stations, bridges, furnishings and by the authors on the railway, and excluding those in and out of London. After introduction by David Cole, the remainder of the book consists of a series of hand-written comments on a mixture of historical and aesthetic appreciation. Some of the buildings are illustrated or taken from already closed or now threatened sites. This is a record that will be read by railway enthusiasts.

Botany

LOUSLEY, J. F. *Flora of the Isles of Scilly*. 336pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles, £4.75.

This delightful account of the Isles of Scilly is much more than a conventional flora and the author quickly reveals his absorption in the beauty and interest of this group of windswept islands which have been to him for many years a "botanist's paradise". Before describing the plants an informed background is given of the islands and the history, land use, geography, geology and climate of the region. The five inhabited and about forty small uninhabited islands are considered ecologically in ten groups, the restricted and varied flora of the small units having a special charm for J. F. Lousley. The whole archipelago of granite rocks offers conditions for plant life unparalleled in Britain. Despite Atlantic gales the winter is mild and the flora, differing from Cornwall, has close resemblances to that of the Channel Islands, a high proportion of plants showing affinities with Mediterranean and Oceanic groups.

The detailed and well documented record of the flowering plants and ferns is accompanied by distribution maps, line drawings and photographs which will be of great interest to botanists as well as to those concerned with the successful cultivation of the bulb-fields.

Cookery

LOWENSTEIN, CAROLE. *A Festival of Jewish Cooking*. 54pp. New York: Herder and Herder. Distributed by Heinrich Mann. £1.95.

Carole Lowenstein's anthology of dishes appropriate to the feasts of the Jewish calendar is described in the blurb as "hand-drawn and printed on special paper" and is, consequently, not very suitable for printing in purple or tomato-soup colour, and facsimiles of a variety of script—longhand and printed—it is not always easy to read. For whom is it designed? Jewish families will surely know how to prepare Gefilte Fish, Piroshki and Strudels, but some explanation of the history and traditions that govern the ingredients of Jewish cooking would have been welcome, in addition to the rather bare descriptions of the origins of each feast.

Crime

WHITTINGTON-EGAN, RICHARD. *The Ordeal of Philip Yule Drew*. 360pp. Harrop, £3.75.

Did Philip Yule Drew, a declining actor in a mediocre touring company, bludgeon to death a Reading tabacconist in June, 1929? The tabacconist he did, but police, it seems, thought in an open verdict. Richard Whittington-Egan has examined in detail the curious details of this case, which was developed under the old coroner's procedure and constituted what was, in effect, a trial of the prime suspect. Drew was apparently not a violent man, but the reader will find it very difficult to arrive at his own verdict. Mr Whittington-Egan's style is occasionally over-dramatic, but he has gone entertainingly and conscientiously over the ground. His treatment of this forty-year-old affair is intriguing and disturbing.

Ecology

POLE, NICHOLAS (Editor). *Environmental Solutions*. 134pp. Eco-Publications. Paperback, 60p.

Nicholas Pole has gathered contributions from a dozen British and American sources, not all easily available in either country, to illustrate some of the things which are being and can be done to stave off various environmental disasters. The selection is consistently calm, not unduly optimistic, and largely free from the more extreme forms of doom-mongering. While the editor introduces the book and its contents, it is said that he has not seen fit to comment on some of the pieces he prints. Perhaps it is unfair to take his selection as implying special approval, but appendix two on Industrial Recycling in Red China is a classic piece of propaganda which could do with a few comments or comparisons. Appendixes three and four are particularly useful to anyone who wants to be as involved as the editor is, being lists of addresses of British university environment groups and conservation society branches. This book is a good example of practical and youthful concern about the environment.

Folk Studies

SHAH, AMINA. *Folk Tales of Central Asia*. 147pp. The Octagon Press, £1.50.

These stories told "by dervishes in tea houses, by shepherds on the lonely steppes, or in the courtyard of peaceful mosques" retain all the zest of their telling. They are written down for enjoyment, not as a flavour of culture fodder. There is a flavour of the Arabian Nights about their genres and peris, flying horses, firebirds, jewels and enchanted princesses, but they are their own humours, and as when a magic carpet fails to move, and a small green parrot comes flying through the window to take an over-worked magic ring back to Suliman, son of David, King of Magicians and Enchanted Beasts.

Horticulture

GENDERS, ROY. *Collecting Antique Plants*. The History and Culture of the Old Florist's Flowers. 326pp. Pelham Books, £3.

A delightful book written with knowledge and appreciation of old garden plants, with up-to-date information of their rediscovery, variety, culture, propagation and exhibition. Many plants were introduced by travellers: Ranunculus, Tulips and Polyanthus of un-numbered dyes from Turkey, others from Europe. Particular flowers were often grown in Britain in geographical areas, Auri-culars by the descendants of Flemish weavers settled in Lancashire and Yorkshire, Pinks by the lace-makers and silk weavers of Paisley and Farnley by the miners of Yorkshire and Derbyshire. The industrial

of small capacity, who invented or developed several devices for their service. He never received any encouragement or support from the state and his business ability was no match for his skill, ingenuity and enthusiasm. He died in a balloon accident in 1926 while trying to earn a living by giving tethered ascents to visitors at a flower show. Alec McKinty tells in detail the story of a man convinced of the future of airships and endowed with the energy and enterprise to demonstrate theories he was unable, through lack of finance and business knowledge, to turn to advantage.

Dance

DEVI, RAHINI. *Dance Dialects of India*. 227pp. Vikas, £9.50.

This sumptuously produced and admirably illustrated volume is indispensable to all students of Indian classical dancing, to the study and exposition of which Srinuti Ragini Devi has devoted her life. Both she and her daughter Indrani are recognized as notable exponents of the art; their interpretations have been widely acclaimed, not only in their own country but also in Europe and America. In this book she has compressed the results of a lifetime of research. She covers the entire range of Indian classical dancing from ancient times, distinguishing the local varieties which have evolved in particular regions, describing the festivals which have preserved so much that is traditional, and explaining for the benefit of Western readers the essential symbolism, gesture and poetry of the hands. All the points which the author makes are illustrated with photographs and drawings of great beauty. This book is a treasury of one of the great arts of India as well as the *chef d'oeuvre* of a most distinguished career.

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Ornithology

VAUGHAN, RICHARD. *Gulls in Britain*. 96pp. H. F. and G. Witherby, £1.75.

A well-presented pictorial study of the six best-known "British" gulls. The author describes their distribution, habits and mode of life and then, in first-class photographs, shows them flying, eating, nesting or just standing round in the slightly menacing way some gulls have. Richard Vaughan has some interesting figures to show the changes that have taken place in numbers and distribution; there are, he says, more gulls than there used to be. Perhaps slightly less easy to accept is his claim that their cries are melodious. No doubt it is a matter of ear.

Politics

KNIOTT, JAMES and BAXTER-MOORE, NICHOLAS. *Northern Ireland: The Elections of the Twenties*. 99pp. The Arthur McDougall Fund, £2.

Peephologists, Irish and English, will welcome this detailed study by James Knott and Nicholas Baxter-Moore of the working of the general election for the Parliament of Northern Ireland during the first decade of the existence of the Province. Two, those of 1921 and 1925, were conducted by proportional representation and one, in 1929, by the X vote. Professor Peter Campbell has written a foreword to this provision of evidence, helpful in the assessment of how an electoral system can effect political fortunes.

Social Studies

GRUBB, TONY and KENYON, JON. *Stories from the Dale Queen*. 189pp. Temple Smith in association with New Society, £2.

Compiled from tape-recordings, this book aims to convey "the true experiences of a number of very different people whose only common experience was a dependence on the state for their subsistence". The stories include not only those of men and women who are (to echo the outmoded words of the title) "on the dole" or "drawing" supplementary benefits, but also of some who aim to help them (in contrast, modestly described as "poor people's advocates"). Good discussion material, attractively presented, too, both the virtues and vices of some of these helped—or hindered—by the welfare state.

World Affairs

GRAVES, C. DESMOND. *The Irish Crisis*. 222pp. Lawrence and Wishart. Paperback, £1.

C. Desmond Greaves asserts in his opening sentence that his fundamental argument may be summarized as showing a clash of interests between English monopoly capitalism on the one hand and the Irish people on the other. He closes by urging the British people to end partition, thereby striking a severe blow at "their arch enemy the Tory Party", removing a possible cause of disunity among themselves and protecting their western flanks. What comes between this beginning and end is predictable and argued with spirit.

World Affairs

SLESSER, MALCOLM. *The Politics of Environmentalism*. 176pp. Allen and Unwin, £3m.

The basic idea of Malcolm Slesser's original and maddening book is that certain partially developed countries have a chance of isolating themselves from present potentially disastrous political, industrial and economic systems, and directing themselves towards more ecologically sound ends. Scotland is the country he chooses to illustrate how this might be done. A large portion of the book is devoted to a rollicking attack on English economic and other forms of aggression against Scotland and its dire effects on Scottish life and the future of Scotland unless a UDI is made. Like many polemicists, Mr Slesser brings a mass of statistics to this thesis, but he is not a very good statistician. The figures simply don't prove what he says they do, in fact they often prove the opposite.

World Affairs

JONES, MERVYN. *Life on the Dole*. 142pp. Davis-Poynter. Paperback, £1.25.

Mervyn Jones is an admirable sociological reporter, vigorous, careful and concerned. In *Life on the Dole* he gives us the industrial community

of Merthyr Tydfil, with chronic unemployment again biting into it like a disease. These are not statistics, but people; Mr Jones selects some of the figures and gives them faces, showing in his unselfish way exactly what it is like to be a work reject from a monolithic regional industry. Here it is, he seems to be saying: the story of Merthyr is the story of British capitalism, so what are we going to do about it? Astonishing though it may be to Londoners, the people like it there and want to stay. Their community has retained more vitality, one would gather from this picture, than the industry that originally formed it. And a system that discards such people, Mr Jones insists, is "a system that condemns itself".

Transport

ELLIS, C. HAMILTON. *The Love of the Train*. 240pp. Allen and Unwin, £10.

This impressively large and disturbing, expensive book is, in effect, railway history as an art form. It is apparently the result of "international cooperation over several years" and there is a list of nine experts who "advised and assisted" the author C. Hamilton Ellis, a writer of wit and authority. It has picked his way with skill through the forests of drawings and coloured pictures and offers a characteristically authoritative and idiosyncratic account of the rise and development of railways. Some of the illustrations, for example George Jones's "The Lucka-wanna Valley", are well reproduced but not all the locomotive liveries are convincing.

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Nigeria up to 1966

NDUNTURI O. ITA:
Bibliography of Nigeria
271pp. Cass, £11.

Ndunturi Ita's tour de force will be welcomed by Africanist scholars and librarians alike, though few of the former are likely to be able to afford to buy it. The limits of such a useful work of reference do not impair its obvious merits, yet it is important to be aware of them lest they jeopardize its reputation among those who insist on looking for the unfindable. They are clearly defined: this is a survey of anthropological and linguistic writings on Nigeria from the earliest times to 1966. These terms, in turn, are further qualified. Apart from these, no unpublished materials are included; publications in Arabic are excluded; and for vernacular entries the strictly selective principle has been adopted of including just a few readers, one or

two religious texts, and sometimes an adult education pamphlet for each language (grammars and dictionaries are, of course, given full treatment).

While aiming to be comprehensive, no claim is made of exhaustiveness. As a pioneer, one-man venture, the compiler warns us, that could scarcely be a wise priority: "The more sober goal aimed at here has been the provision of a general repository." And Mr Ita sees this repository as a much-needed contribution to the serious problem of bibliographical control generated by the dizzy expansion of published material on African studies over the past two decades.

The 5,000 entries are presented in two parts, "Nigeria General" (1,500 items) and individual ethnic groups. In the first part, the interpretation of "anthropological and linguistic" is helpfully broad, so that entries on History, Government, and Literature appear alongside the sections on kinship, kingship, religion, and the many aspects of material culture. Of Nigeria's multiplicity of ethnic groups, some sixty earn separate treatment. The minor ones feature a twofold bibliography, "general and ethnographic" and "linguistic". The major ones, such as the Edo, Fulani, Hausa, Ibibio, Ibo, Kanuri, Tiv, and Yoruba, are distinguished

by further classified lists and a score of sub-divisions under their entries on social and cultural anthropology. Over 300 periodicals have been indexed and, exceptionally and valuably, individual chapters from symposia and Festschriften have been noticed.

The author and ethnic indexes are excellent. Unexpectedly—given the devotion to detail shown by Mr Ita throughout the work—names of those who have edited or written new introductions to reprints of African classics have not been included in this index though they do appear in the bibliographical entries themselves. Missprints are refreshingly few, occurring for the most part in vernacular titles.

Mr Ita, who is now librarian at the Institute of Public Administration at Ahmadu Bello University, has produced a valuable reference tool. The immense scale of the Africanist bibliographer's task is well illustrated by the fact that this book was published a full five years after the cut-off point of 1966. It is to be hoped that some librarian invested with similar determination and gifted with comparable thoroughness will now produce a supplement to cover the heavily-written five years since then.

Constance Holme, novelist: any biographical and critical information. J. P. Norris. 6 Newstead Rise, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, 1796-1865, author of *Saw Silk*: any information on whereabouts of letters, papers, and unpublished biographical material, for an edition of letters and speeches. Douglas Lockhead. The Librarian, Massey College, University of Toronto, 4 Devonshire Place, Toronto 181, Canada.

David Jones: information from his friends and owners of drawings, paintings, engravings, etc., however slight, for a complete catalogue of his work. Paul Hills. 37 Queens Gate Mews, London SW7.

Charles Lamb: anyone working on a bibliography to contact The Charles Lamb Society, 45 Eagle Court, Snaresbrook, London E11.

George Gustavus Zeffirli, 1821-1892, Hungarian-born emigrant, historian, Chairman of Council of RBS; any information. Douglas Wertheimer. Department of History, University of Toronto, Toronto 181, Canada.

Art and Architecture
E. Baldwin Smith: *The Domes*. (Princeton University Press, £2.20) George B. Bridgman: *The Book of a Hundred Hands*. (Dover, £1.50) W. M. Hawley: *Chinese Folk Designs*. (Dover, £1.75) Herbert Silberer: *Hidden Symbolism of Alchemy and the Occult Arts*. (Dover, £1.50.)

Biography and Memoirs
H. W. Bates: *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*. (Everyman, 50p.) Lucy Hutchinson: *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*. (Everyman, 40p.) Elizabeth Jenkins: *Elizabeth and Leicester*. (Panther, 60p.) Murray Morgan: *One Man's Gold Rush*. Photographs by E. A. Hegg. (University of Washington Press, £1.98) Nelson's Letters. Edited by Geoffrey Rawson. (Everyman, 40p.)

Drama
John Osborne: *A Subject of Scandal and Concern*. (Faber, 45p.)
Fiction
Siegfried Sassoon: *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*. (Faber, £1.60) Hugh Walpole: *Mr Perrin and Mr Trull*. (Everyman, 45p.)

